









## HER SPLENDID SIN.

By HEADON HILL.

Author of "Unmasked at Last," "Her Grace at Bay," &amp;c., &amp;c.

CHAPTER XXXI.  
THE WIT OF WOMAN.

Bartlett's iron grip closed on Judy's wrist, and she abandoned as soon as formed the swift impulse to match her splendid physique against Reynell's town-bred frailty. The impulse probably springing from an instinctive clutch at the story that the big man would stand aside and see fair play. By Bartlett's promptness in seizing her that hope was now shattered, and it was evident that if there was tension between the two men it had not yet been strained to breaking point.

Violence was not for her in the losing combat which she was fighting so bravely in which she had been well-nigh beaten to her knees. If she was to win out from the callous villain arrayed against her she must still rely on that best of God-given endowments, the mother-wit of woman, to save her. That Reynell's vile threat was no empty one the clemency of her nature made her draw from his vest pocket furnished minister proof.

He could have hit on no more fiendish idea for vanquishing her resolution, for with all her native shrewdness and kindness of heart there was no denying that Black Dick's daughter was smitten with the feible of vanity. It had been that little weakness, the consciousness of her own florid charms, that had brought upon her the insult which had ended in Reynell's temporary discomfiture and had earned for her his undying hate.

She could not resist flinging the taunt in her teeth now, as she stood, practically at his mercy, menaced with cruel outrage unspeakable.

"You are quite right," she stormed at him. "I know where the jewels are—such a mass of glittering temptation as ever you London thieves never set eyes on. I found them, just as you have described, a week before you acted so as to make me bid Andrea throw you in the creek. That morning, fool that I was, I was ready to marry you, if you had asked me, for the sake of being the wife of a gentleman who had the good sense to help me! Yes, you could have had the treasure for nothing, you see, without plotting and murdering, if it had been in you to behave decent."

Reynell grinned sourly. "I confess that it might have made a difference in the nature of my mood," he sneered. "From your point of view it is rather a pity that you were so secretive, as, if you had held out that inducement to me, you might have had a limited share in spending the proceeds of your haul. You would have been a girl and dear Judy, which I might have tolerated, but to swallow, as it is, I mean to have the whole blessed pile without any restrictions. Except, of course, he added rather hurriedly, "those imposed upon me by my partnership with the gentleman who is holding your wrist."

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"You won't find that any decent woman will touch you with a pair of tongs," retorted Judy, with a double purpose of pointing time to mature her plans and of discovering his intentions with regard to Lesbia. Reynell seemed to be enjoying the verbal encounter, his waspish nature delighting in inflicting little wounds before assuming the cool, collected air of a victor. "Pardon me, but I anticipate no difficulty," he rejoined. "The lady to whom I refer is in the next cabin now. I am such an easy-going fellow that I am lending her to my rival in the capacity of a nurse just for the moment, but—"

A reticent girl broke from Bartlett, the leader of the arrangement by which Roger Daubeny was to come out in a launch and appear on the scene in time to prevent treachery on Reynell's part, and knowing nothing of the delay to which the owner of Wynter Grange had been subjected by the breakdown of the superior's motor-car, he was beginning to fear that he would arrive too soon. It might set the arch-plotter plotting afresh and spoil everything, if Daubeny brought his suspicious cavillings and ungoverned tongue into the business before the whereabouts of the plunder was revealed. He himself had been scrupulously careful not to excite Reynell's suspicions of his distrust, tightly though he had to curb himself in order to treat his traitorous companion with ordinary civility.

"You're talking too much, Jim," he said in a tone that expressed genuine concern for the success of their enterprise. "Let's put the screw on her and be done with it. I want to get back to bed."

Reynell's answer was to produce a pair of scissors, with which he advanced towards the Tiger's captive. "Your words are the words of wisdom, old man," he said. "I couldn't resist baiting her a little, to get the taste of salt water out of my mouth. It has been the ever since the gentle treatment she accorded me. Now I will begin by snicking off those glorious tresses; then we'll try the effect of a pair of forceps on those milk-white molars, and we will wind up by anointing that brilliant complexion with the acid from the phial—unless a better spirit takes possession of the patient before we come to the last extremity. Don't let her go, Tiger. The cat would love to get her claws into me."

At the approach of her tormentor Judy affected the wildest terror, and just as he was about to ply the scissors began to weep bitterly.

"I give in," she wailed. "I will promise not to hurt any of you."

"Ah!" came Reynell's long-drawn exclamation. "Now you are talking sense, Miss Holt. I can assure you that you will find your wise decision cheap at the price. Don't keep my impatient friend waiting any longer, but tell us where we are to look for the fruits of our labours."

"The jewels are hidden in the hand-bag in the hold—on the left hand

side as you go from the ladder towards the forepart of the ship," replied Judy with as much eagerness as she had previously shown reluctance. "I put a piece of firewood in the sand to show the place. They are not very deep. Only about a foot down."

She spoke in quick little gasps, Reynell watching her out of eyes narrowed to pin-heads in their intent scrutiny.

"Right you are," he said after a pause. "I'll soon have them out of that." And with the torch in his hand he quitted the cabin and made for the still open trapdoor in the cuddy. Judy, strangely moved for her, rushed after him, and laid her hand upon his arm.

"One minute, Mr. Reynell, for Heaven's sake! Please, oh please, don't leave me alone again with this man," she pleaded, pointing to Bartlett, who had followed. "I am frightened of his looks, and—of the horrible name you call him."

"You are quite right," she stormed at him. "I know where the jewels are—such a mass of glittering temptation as ever you London thieves never set eyes on. I found them, just as you have described, a week before you acted so as to make me bid Andrea throw you in the creek. That morning, fool that I was, I was ready to marry you, if you had asked me, for the sake of being the wife of a gentleman who had the good sense to help me! Yes, you could have had the treasure for nothing, you see, without plotting and murdering, if it had been in you to behave decent."

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gauge. He could hardly jump from the depth of fifteen feet from a take-off of loose sand."

Bartlett's voice was heard from below furiously demanding release, but his words could not be distinguished through the thick planking of the deck. Reynell seemed more amused than ever.

"Just hark at him," he chuckled. "He is not only a caged Tiger, but a very angry Tiger as well. I fear. Do you know it has always been a problem with me how to get rid of Mr. Bartlett after he had served his turn in this business. I had a little plan ready, but there was always the chance that it might miscarry, and I am deeply indebted to you for doing the trick so completely. Thanks to your promptness the greedy beggar won't be able to dip his finger in my pie."

"You talk as if you had the jewels in your pocket," retorted Judy. "What did you bring him for if you could do so well without him?"

"I can do so well without him, as you aptly put it, because the jewels are as good as in my pocket now," replied Reynell, watching the bewilderment in the girl's face with keen enjoyment. "When we arrived at the hulk this evening I thought it would be all plain sailing—that all there was for me to do would be to ransack the hiding-place described in the instructions, and afterwards dispose of my partner—her."

"Your forestallment of me entails a slight, but not material change of plan. I no longer need the Tiger's protection. Before many minutes are passed you yourself will deliver the treasure up to me of your own free will."

Judy laughed boisterously, to cover a growing nervousness. Her antagonist was so clearly not disconcerted by the turn events had taken, and his tone of quiet confidence was so obviously not assumed, that she began to apprehend that he held a card that would beat her last play. She had expected that when the marauder found the hiding-place empty they would retire defeated, and had never reckoned on the deductive skill which had so easily given Reynell her secret. Her simple calculations, thus upset, were not to be readjusted in the facile manner of her opponent, and she trembled for the result. Yet she would bluff to the end.

"You must have a check to expect that," she said, taking a step forward and squaring her broad shoulders. "Why, I'll throw you into the creek against a single-hand time, before I tell you where the jewels are."

It was Reynell's turn to laugh, only there was no nervousness in the sound of his merriment. "Thank you," he said coolly. "Your words tell me that the truth is on the hulk, anyway. The subtleties of speech are not your forte, my girl. You imply that if you would you could give the jewels to me now, but you assert that you won't. Well, we'll see what Mr. Leonard Wynter has to say. After all the trouble he has put to it, it is only fair that he should be consulted. This is the cabin in which you have stabled him, I think?"

CHAPTER XXXII.  
THE GUILF OF MAN.

The amused smile which Reynell had worn during his interview with Judy changed to a malicious grin as he entered the cabin and his crafty eyes took in the scene within. Leonard, who had heard without understanding much that had passed in the cuddy, was sitting by the bunk, holding Leonard's hand. Leonard himself lay there deadly white, chafing against his helplessness. The exasperation of hearing Reynell's words had increased his feverishness and exhaustion.

He, too, had not rightly gathered the purport of Judy's prolonged wrangle with the two men, though the fact of Reynell's return, so often predicted by Judy, had led him to surmise that the treasure was hidden on the hulk itself, and not buried in India as he and his grandfather had accustomed themselves to believe. The noise in the neighbouring cabin and in the cuddy he had attributed to Judy's objections to their making a search.

Leonard, not knowing how to comfort her lover with words, had sat with him in silence, striving to bear with womanly fortitude a suspense which she kept assuring herself was not so great as that which Leonard was suffering on her behalf. Her mind was fully made up. If Leonard was truly made up, as he proved that she was to be used as a pawn in Reynell's game she would end this scheme for robbing the Wynters by giving herself up to the police.

"Good evening to you, Mr. Wynter," Reynell's sneering voice broke the silence that followed his entrance. "I trust that you are in a fair way to recovery—the more so as I have a surprise in store that may come as something of a shock. You have been regarding me as a drop-dead scoundrel, pledged to do you out of the object of your quest. On the contrary I am your best friend, about to do you the yeoman's service of enabling you to recover the treasure. Allow me to introduce you to the culprit who has annexed the pile for herself—Miss Judy Holt."

Judy, her cheeks aflame with rage and mortification, stood forward. "Listen to me, Mr. Wynter, and you, Miss Blythe," she panted. "It is true that I found a great store of precious stones by accident a few weeks back. Twice before I knew that they were a lawful written gift to the old gentleman at the hulk and mill. Soon as you came here and told me the story I meant you to have them, but not till this squirming reptile had given up trying to best you out of them. After he'd got that paper from you I shifted the jewels from the place where I guessed he'd look, but he's too cunning for the likes of me. He saw through what I'd done, and now he's trying to make me out the thief he is himself. That's the honest truth I've told you."

In her dread of being misunderstood she allowed two great tears to drop. Lesbia was at her side in an instant, soothing and reassuring.

"You dear thing, she murmured, "of course you believe me, Leonard and I. Everything you have done for us fits in with what you have been saying. We trust her thoroughly, don't we, Len?"

"Rather!" Leonard exclaimed in his boyish way. "I know Miss Holt was the right sort when I began to paint her picture. I longed to console her from the first, and I am so glad to feel quite guilty not doing so, only my old man insisted on precautions. I confess, however, that I

don't quite see how Mr. Reynell comes to be posing as the hero of the piece."

That evil genius had listened to the exchange of pretty speeches with the same malicious grin which had curled his thin lip on entering the cabin. "Poor me!" he said, striking an attitude. "Nobody gives me credit for any virtue. Perhaps I have seen the error of my ways and wish to sit on the stool of repentance; perhaps I am moved with sympathy for the pretty idyll I see before me and thirst for a happy ending to it. The fact remains that I am the amiable fairy of the piece, and as a proof of it, Miss Judy, I bid you make good your words. Hand over the jewels to Mr. Wynter forthwith."

There was a hush and a pause in the cabin, broken only by Bartlett's distant curses, muffled on of all sides, from the hold below. Judy put a limit to it by turning sharply on Reynell, imperious and not to be denied.

"I'm going to search you first," she said. "If you have got a pistol you would be too much for me."

Leonard, who laid it in front of him on the bunk without a word. Enfeebled by his wound and dazed by the rapid march of events, he did not perceive the trend of Reynell's present conduct. To her herself, his suspicions as to her intentions, she had grown so accustomed to associate Reynell with physical force that, having disarmed him, she was prepared to hold him harmless. But there must be no doubt about the disarmament.

"You might have another one," she said. "I shan't budge from here till I've run my hand over your clothes."

Again Reynell was all complacency. Making her a mocking bow, he invited her with a gesture to assure herself that he had no other weapon, and when she had done so he reminded her that she had made a grave omission which he took leave to remedy. At the same time he drew from his vest pocket the phial of acid and handed it to her.

"You had forgotten this," he remarked quietly. "The possession of it would enable me to make myself almost as disagreeable as would the pistol. Pray relieve me of it, not as a removal of temptation, but as an earnest of my desire to see this business through in a pacific spirit."

Judy tossed the phial through the open porthole into the creek and left the cabin. In her frantic eagerness to put herself right with Leonard and Lesbia, and to furnish indisputable proof of her honest intention, she failed to see that it was just that emotional sentiment that was being played on as skillfully as an experienced player twangs the strings. But for the very feeling that was being adroitly used for her undoing she

would have hesitated long before producing the priceless baubles while Reynell was on the hulk.

As it was she was in almost as great haste to be rid of them as of Reynell himself—the more so, that since the valuation of the few unimportant stones which had dropped into the hold had been picked up by her father, she knew that the main bulk of the hoard must represent as enormous sum. Daring into her own cabin, she thrust her hand under the pillow of the sleeping berth and drew out a cigar-box—a roomy receptacle which had once contained a hundred Dutch cheroots, on which no duty had ever been paid to the Government. The original contents had long ago been given away as peace-offerings by Black Dick to his customers in the villages, and had been replaced by the gems found by Judy under the loose deck plank.

She just glanced inside to see what she had put there was all right, and then sped back to Leonard's cabin. She had been less than a minute away, but she entered in some anxiety lest she had fallen into a trap to secure her temporary absence. No longer in her roomy berth, she found the three persons left behind. Leonard lay in the lower berth, turning with the butt of Reynell's re-

volver, Lesbia still occupied the low chair by his side, and Reynell himself, with folded arms, leaned against the partition just inside the door.

"There you are, Mr. Wynter! God will bear me witness I never meant to rob you of them," cried Judy, laying the cigar-box on the coverlet alongside the pistol. Just look at them—they're as lovely as the sun on the creek at dawn. "And don't forget," she added with a significant prod at the revolver, "that they ain't exactly in the strong-room of a bank."

The warning called forth a laugh from Reynell, but it rang thin in his greater interest in Leonard's feeble attempts to raise the lid of the box. It flew open at last, and from Lesbia and Leonard and Reynell alike, ranged against each other as they were, a cry of admiring wonder arose. The little cabin seemed to be flooded with liquid fire. Huge diamonds, great emeralds, and rubies, gleaming with a thousand shades of green, caught and flung back in enhanced glory the rays of the common kerosene lamp overhead.

While the others fastened their eyes on the gorgeous sight, Judy, to whom was only too familiar, paid no heed to the jewels. She was too busy that she had justified her conduct and proved the sincerity of her statement she had room for other cares, and the one that oppressed her most was a sudden doubt lest she had done a rash thing. It would have been wiser to have relied on Leonard and Lesbia's obviously genuine faith in her rather than subject to the temptation of viewing these transcendent gems a wretch whose greed for them had already made of him a murderer in intention if not in fact. Even if there had been no reserved villainy behind his strange change of front he might not be able to withstand such an incitement to fresh crime.

But as the first glowing amusement faded from his face, Judy, watching him closely, could detect no sign of meditated violence. She was ready to strangle him with her own capable hands if he made the slightest movement showing a design to recover the pistol or to snatch the cigar-box and run; but after his first very natural start forward on the removal of the lid he had reached an indolent attitude against the partition. Nevertheless there was a look of malignant assurance in the crafty eyes that did not bode tame submission to the present proprietorship of the treasure.

And then, in the sneering, lazy tones which all of them hated, but Lesbia and most of all, he began to speak, and any idea that they had arrived at a true solution was dispelled. It became evident that Mr. James Reynell was going to fight with a weapon more potent than swivel-guns, pistols and vitriol—a weapon no less effective than the hearts and affections of his foes.

"They are really splendid jewels, Mr. Wynter," he drawled. "I feel it quite a privilege to be the first to congratulate you on possessing them as they must have an enormous attitude against power, and I imagine that there is something which you will shortly want very badly to purchase. It is always nice when one desires anything with an intense longing to feel that one is not cramped by lack of means. I myself have so often been debarred from the most legitimate attainments by the frowns of fortune that it is a real pleasure to see a man with the price in his hand and wherewith to buy that on which his heart is set."

"What is all this rhodomontade?" said Leonard wearily. "The jewels are not mine, but my grandfather's. If they were mine I am not conscious of having set my heart on anything that they would buy."

"What about the immunity of Miss Lesbia Blythe from the pains and perils of love?" suggested Reynell gently. "Your illness has made you somewhat obtuse, Mr. Wynter, but perhaps when I explain again that as a most material witness—"

He broke off, for Lesbia had risen to her feet, pale but determined. At the same moment Judy, guessing her intention, edged a little nearer in a line with the door of the cabin.

"Stop!" cried Roger Daubeny's voice. "I will spare you the shame of repeating the vile bargain you would make, though to such as you it would be no shame. Late as it is I can find my way across the marshes to the police-station, and by giving myself up from you the power which you think you hold over Mr. Wynter and myself."

Headless of the impassioned appeal from Leonard, she took a step towards the door, but Judy's detaining grip fell on her arm.

"Wait, my dear," said the wild-fowler's daughter with gentle firmness. "Would you throw away happiness and a sweetheart that loves you without so much as a thought? It is for Mr. Wynter to decide whether you are to sacrifice, since he holds the price this term, and he will not let you go until you have given him the price."

If the jewels are not his now they would be soon—by the weight of his grandfather's years. He has a right to say which he prefers—all that glittering dross, or the safety and good name of the woman he loves."

An impudent cough drew attention to Reynell. "This seems to be a matter which delicacy should prompt me to allow you to settle among yourselves," he interjected, and slipped out into the cuddy, a satisfied smile curling his cruel lips.

Leonard, who had started up in his berth, fell back with a groan, while Lesbia, realising the impossibility of looking for her friendly captor, buried her face on Judy's broad shoulder and wept tears of despair. She blamed herself for having brought all this trouble on her lover, whereas he, lying back with closed eyes, found in her heroism the chief argument for yielding to Reynell's insidious demand. On one side of the balance was the duty that he owed to his aged relative; on the other was the fact that but for Lesbia's deed Capt. Wynter would probably have been killed by the drunken ruffian from whom she had protected him.

In the latter case the chain of events which had led up to the present climax would never have occurred, and Judy would have remained in undisputed possession of her find.

With this line of reasoning to guide him, and with love to back the cold argument, Leonard's struggle was not a long one. Opening his eyes with a faint smile he declared his decision.

"Lesbia, darling," he said, "I think that we ought to leave this to our dear Judy. If you and I hadn't come worrying round the hulk, bringing all this trouble on her, she would have been the unquestioned owner of all these wretched stones. It's due to her to have the chief voice in the matter."

"Quite right, Mr. Wynter, and my voice is soon heard," said Judy, quickly to take her cue. "Not as I want to lay any claim to the jewels, except so far as to use them for the happiness of you two. I say let that black-hearted thief have the whole hoard, and you live your lives peaceful and happy. You can wager on it he'll never have any real enjoyment from riches gained that way."

It was vain for Lesbia to protest. Leonard cut short her objections by calling: "Reynell, I want you."

"Come in here, you wretch!" Judy supplemented the summons.

Reynell reappeared, dapper and smiling. If the three had not been so self-content, so eager to each do what was best for the other, they would have seen a danger signal in his cunning twinkle and mocking bow.

"Here, take them and clear out," said Leonard, holding out the cigar-box. The itching fingers closed on it, but Reynell showed no immediate disposition to leave the cabin.

"Thank you," came the sarcastic rejoinder. "How much nicer it is to settle one's differences amicably. You might all see to it very grateful to me for finding this grace of exit from a difficult situation. If I hadn't happened to hear our sweet ingenious Miss Judy use the term 'dear' towards the equally sweet and ingenious Miss Blythe I should have been at my wit's end, after Miss Judy's forcible elimination of that noisy friend of mine in the hold, to reach such a peaceful solution. Thanks to the charming display of so much sweet sentiment, the notion could not fail to occur that it might be turned to account."

"Will you begone before I do you a mischief!" cried Judy, furious at having been made to play into his hands. "I am going now, and I leave my dear pal, the Tiger, to you as a legacy of love," came the gibing answer, as Reynell stepped back into the cuddy. "But I do not envy the humane individual who has the pluck to liberate him."

The sardonic grin faded, and he paused in the doorway, surveying Lesbia with something of thoughtful regret. "Well, are you coming with me, Miss Blythe?" he asked. "You can choose your stationer, as you can your unsatisfactory uncle again, for Mr. Roger Daubeny has no place in my scheme for enjoying the fruits of victory. You know that it was one of my fondest aspirations to share them with you."

"I would rather die than ever set eyes on your evil face," was the girl's reply, as she turned away to sit down again at her lover's side.

"There was never a truer word lightly spoken," said Reynell in a curiously strained voice, that made them all wonder at his changed manner. "On the whole," he went on, "perhaps it is best that way, for unless you came to me willingly it would do no good at all. And these stones are so much beyond my wildest dreams in value that in their presence I shall find consolation. You will not think better of it? No? Well, I am open to prophecy that in less than half an hour you will, and that then, when you are accorged with such unspeakable, it will be too late."

The veiled menace of his words caused Judy to move towards him, a vague instinct impelling her to prevent his departure. But, making them a last mocking bow, he stepped quickly back to the heavy outer door that shut off the cuddy from the rest of the vessel, and slammed it behind him. The next moment a grating sound caused the occupants of the cabin to scan each other's faces in blank dismay. The sound was the scroop of the key which, during the brief absence from the cabin, he must have changed from the inside to the outside of the door of the cuddy.

They were prisoners. He had locked them in.

(To be Continued.)

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It was vain for Lesbia to protest. Leonard cut short her objections by calling: "Reynell, I want you."

"Come in here, you wretch!" Judy supplemented the summons.

Reynell reappeared, dapper and smiling. If the three had not been so self-content, so eager to each do what was best for the other, they would have seen a danger signal in his cunning twinkle and mocking bow.

"Here, take them and clear out," said Leonard, holding out the cigar-box. The itching fingers closed on it, but Reynell showed no immediate disposition to leave the cabin.

"Thank you," came the sarcastic rejoinder. "How much nicer it is to settle one's differences amicably. You might all see to it very grateful to me for finding this grace of exit from a difficult situation. If I hadn't happened to hear our sweet ingenious Miss Judy use the term 'dear' towards the equally sweet and ingenious Miss Blythe I should have been at my wit's end, after Miss Judy's forcible elimination of that noisy friend of mine in the hold, to reach such a peaceful solution. Thanks to the charming display of so much sweet sentiment, the notion could not fail to occur that it might be turned to account."

"Will you begone before I do you a mischief!" cried Judy, furious at having been made to play into his hands. "I am going now, and I leave my dear pal, the Tiger, to you as a legacy of love," came the gibing answer, as Reynell stepped back into the cuddy. "But I do not envy the humane individual who has the pluck to liberate him."

The sardonic grin faded, and he paused in the doorway, surveying Lesbia with something of thoughtful regret. "Well, are you coming with me, Miss Blythe?" he asked. "You can choose your stationer, as you can your unsatisfactory uncle again, for Mr. Roger Daubeny has no place in my scheme for enjoying the fruits of victory. You know that it was one of my fondest aspirations to share them with you."

"I would rather die than ever set eyes on your evil face," was the girl's reply, as she turned away to sit down again at her lover's side.

"There was never a truer word lightly spoken," said Reynell in a curiously strained voice, that made them all wonder at his changed manner. "On the whole," he went on, "perhaps it is best that way, for unless you came to me willingly it would do no good at all. And these stones are so much beyond my wildest dreams in value that in their presence I shall find consolation. You will not think better of it? No? Well, I am open to prophecy that in less than half an hour you will, and that then, when you are accorged with such unspeakable, it will be too late."

The veiled menace of his words caused Judy to move towards him, a vague instinct impelling her to prevent his departure. But, making them a last mocking bow, he stepped quickly back to the heavy outer door that shut off the cuddy from the rest of the vessel, and slammed it behind him. The next moment a grating sound caused the occupants of the cabin to scan each other's faces in blank dismay. The sound was the scroop of the key which, during the brief absence from the cabin, he must have changed from the inside to the outside of the door of the cuddy.

They were prisoners. He had locked them in.

(To be Continued.)

MARYLEBONE'S NEW RECTOR.

The King has approved of the appointment of the Rev. W. D. Morrison, LL.D., to the rectory of St. Marylebone, in succession to Canon W. Barker. Dr. Morrison is a well-known churchman, and is the president of the Churchmen's Union for five years he was a prison chaplain, and has written on "Crime and Its Causes" and "Juvenile Offenders." He is a member of the Metropolitan Asylums Board.

LONG SERVICE AND GOOD CONDUCT MEDALS.

Long service and good conduct medals have been issued to the following in the undermentioned men—H. W. Clegg, Ch. Stoker, H.M.S. Nelson; Edward Fisher, Ch. Stoker, J. B. Stacey, P.O. 1st, H.M.S. "Hector"; P. O. 1st, W. J. Swales, S.B. Wm. Strickland, Ldg. Sea, F. W. Savage, Ch. Stoker, F. W. Waddington, Ch. Stoker, J. B. Stacey, M.A.S. Edward Cox, Ch. Stoker, J. W. Taylor, Painter, P.O. 1st, W. Spencer, S.P. 1st, George Darton, P.O. 1st, F. K. Barnes, C.P.O., Victory, G. W. Bailey, S.B.S. Edgar, A. C. Bailey, C.P.O., Kensington, Ch. Stoker, P.O. 1st, Harry Leal, Ships Cook, Bonaventure; Joseph Mullis, C.P.O., W. M. Barry, P.O. 1st, Wm. Hutton, C.P.O., Frank Etheridge, P.O. 1st, W. W. Hutton, P.O. 1st, H. M. Yacht Victoria and Albert; E. H. Mytton, P.O. 1st, Ch. Stoker, G.







**VASTLY IMPROVED UNDER  
THE NEW DIRECTORATE**

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**THE ISSUE OF FEBRUARY 1  
CONTAINS:**

**ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE DUBLIN DR  
ING ROOM.**

**UNIQUE SKATING ARTICLE & PHOTO  
THE PORTUGUESE MEMORIAL SERVICE  
VARIOUS SPECIAL ILLUSTRATIONS  
ARTICLES BY EXPERTS.**

---

**New Offices:  
161A, STRAND, W.**







## COMMENTS BY NOTABLE PASSENGERS.

## THE ACTOR.



The French dramatists are setting their face dead against any coarseness of the matrimonial tie, holding most of them—in their plays that divorce is immoral, whereas the infidelity

## PIPER PAN.



I expect the Mosakowski concert at Queen's Hall on Wednesday evening will be a great success. The fact that the famous musician, who so seldom visits our shores, will himself conduct a programme of his own delight

For instance, they admit rage and felt for papermaking free, and impose 5 per cent. duty on paper goods. They admit raw copper, tin, zinc, and lead free, and tariff copper, tin, zinc, and lead versus 5 per cent. of their value. Cheese, which competes with the Dutch variety, pays 24 s. 7d. per ton. A similar duty in the United Kingdom would help the free trade parrot; to say, "Your cheese costs you £260,000 more." All spirits and perfumery pay the excise duty, and

**BUCKLAND JUNIOR.**



The additions to the Zoological Gardens for the week ending Feb. 3 include:—Mammals: 1 orang-outang, 3 pronghorn antelopes, 1 crowned

**OLD IZAAK.**



A correspondent asks me how to dry a linen operation not readily accomplished as might appear. One recipe is to take equal parts of boiled linseed oil and copal varnish and steep the linen in it till well washed, then hang out to dry, cleaning off all the refuse dressing with a piece of rag. When dry, repeat the operation. Some employ varnish as being too brittle, using a tablespoonful of gold size for a wine-glass of oil instead. There are several other ways of dressing linen, but one or other of those will be found as useful perhaps as any.

THE LAUNA DRESS.

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SERIES CLOTH in Navy  
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**32**, **34**, and **36** inch long.  
Dresses all first cut long  
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## A Message to Mothers

Messrs. Savory and Moore desire to remind mothers, nurses, and all who have the care of young children that a Special Large Tin of their Food, lasting about four days, may be obtained merely by sending in the coupon below, with 6d. in stamps for postage, &c.

This offer is made in the belief that a trial of this nature will prove the food's value better than the most convincing argument. It is addressed especially to those mothers whose children are not thriving as they should, suffering perhaps from sickness, wasting, constipation, or diarrhoea, ailments which generally indicate improper feeding or inability to digest ordinary food.

Some who read this may have already tried other foods, and, having found them unsuitable, may be unwilling to risk further disappointment by making another trial. To these we would quote the words of a children's nurse of 25 years' experience, who says of Savory and Moore's Food: "I have never known a case where it has not agreed with the child." In short, the evidence of many years proves that infants thrive on this famous food even when they can take nothing else.

If you send for the trial tin you will not be disappointed. After a few meals of the food there will be an improvement in your child's condition, and before you have finished the trial tin you will admit that it has been well named the "Best Food for Infants." Send without delay.

**COUPON**  
To Savory and Moore, Ltd., 143, New Bond Street, London. Please send me the special Trial Tin of your food, for which I enclose 6d.

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\*Page: 16208.

**60. DEPOSIT.**  
This handsome photograph, with large frame, and two records, complete in case, will be sent to you on receipt of 60. deposit, a 50. payment on the 1st of the month, and 10. on the 1st of the next month. Two 10. records are given free. Send this coupon to the British Manufacturing Co., 77, Great Tarnmouth.

**8/6 CASH.**

**THE BRITISH MANUFACTURING CO.**  
77, GREAT TARNMOUTH.

## SCALP SORES.

### Zam-Buk Cures a Child's Torturing Disease.

The fact that no mother can afford to be without Zam-Buk in the house cannot be too strongly insisted upon.

The case of May Hawkins, a little four-year-old girl, whose terrible suffering from scalp eruptions and sores were only ended by Zam-Buk after every other treatment had proved useless, simply emphasises this important truth. Mrs. Hawkins, of 5 Court, 2 House, Clarendon Street, Birmingham, said to a "Birmingham Echo" reporter:—

"About six months ago my little daughter, May, four years of age, had scurvy fever, which was followed by eruptions all over her head. Those began running sores, and her hair began to fall off. The doctor gave me some ointment, but the treatment seemed to make it worse instead of better. Another doctor's treatment did not have any good effect, and I began to think the child would never get better. Sleep was impossible for her.

"As the doctor's treatment seemed to afford no relief, I took her to a local chemist, whose treatment did not seem to do the least bit of good. The child was in excruciating agony, and used to scream day after day with pain. It was simply torture to me to witness her terrible suffering. Having read a good deal about the cures effected by Zam-Buk I got a sample and applied it to the child's head. After two or three days the dressings she seemed greatly relieved, so I continued the treatment.

"With each dressing the eruptions began to die away and refreshing sleep followed, and by the time I had used half the box the sores were completely healed. Now the child is quite clean, and the hair is again growing beautifully. I would not on any account be without Zam-Buk in the house, for I find there is nothing like it for bruises and scratches."

## ZAM-BUK ZAM-BUK

Zam-Buk is invaluable for sores, ulcers, eczema, scratches, burns, scalds, rashes, pimples, boils, piles, rheumatism, lameness, bug bites, pain, itching, sunburn, etc. It is a sure cure for all the above, and is sold in 1/2 lb. tins for 2/6 and 1 lb. tins for 4/6. (All chemists.)

**FREE!**  
Send this coupon with 1/2 lb. tin of Zam-Buk to the British Manufacturing Co., 77, Great Tarnmouth, Feb. 16/08.

### A BROKEN DOWN SYSTEM.

This is a condition for disease to which doctors do many patients, but which few of them really understand. It is simply weakness—a broken-down system. No matter what may be the cause for this state of affairs, the symptoms are much the same: the person is unable to do anything, and is almost constantly suffering from sleeplessness, loss of appetite, and general debility. It is a condition which is not only a source of suffering, but it is also a source of danger, as it is in all such cases increased vitality is required.

### VITAL STRENGTH & ENERGY.

To throw off these morbid feelings, and as night approaches the day may be more cheerfully secured by a course of

### THE NEW FRENCH REMEDY, THERAPION No. 3.

than by any other known combination. So surely as it is taken in accordance with the directions all the shattered health is restored.

### THE EXPIRING LAMP OF LIFE LIGHTED UP AFRESH.

and a new existence imparted in place of what had so lately seemed worn out, "used up," and exhausted. Therapion is a powerful, but suitable for all ages, constitution, and conditions, in either sex, and it is difficult to imagine a case of disease or debility that it will not speedily and permanently remedy. It is a condition which is not only a source of suffering, but it is also a source of danger, as it is in all such cases increased vitality is required.

## SOLICITOR SHOT. A LIVERPOOL SENSATION.

### CHASE AND CAPTURE.

Mr. J. W. Alsop, a well-known Liverpool solicitor, and a member of the City Council, was wounded as the result of a sensational shooting incident. His assailant was Mr. W. H. Vaughan, a former client of Mr. Alsop's firm, who recently resided at Wallasey, Cheshire. Vaughan is ill in hospital, while Mr. Alsop is progressing satisfactorily. At about 5 p.m., when Castle-st., which is in the centre of the city, was crowded with revellers and professional gentlemen returning home, Vaughan, with a revolver in his hand, dashed out of an office, chased hotly by two clerks. He raced along Castle-st., dodging through the people, towards Exchange-st., and the policeman on duty opposite the Town Hall joined in the chase.

### Three Revolvers.

Vaughan turned and fired a shot at his pursuers, but fortunately without inflicting any injury. The next moment panting clerks and the constable closed on him, and, after securing his revolver, took him to the Central Police Station, where, after a fierce struggle, the officials succeeded in taking from his pocket two revolvers, both of which were loaded. It was then ascertained that he had shot and wounded Mr. Alsop. As Mr. Alsop was going along a corridor Vaughan stepped from the general inquiry counter and fired two shots. One shot penetrated Mr. Alsop's left arm, but the other missed and buried itself in the telephone cabinet. The clerks rushed round the partition and attempted to seize the assailant, who dashed out of the office. It is stated that Vaughan laboured under the delusion that Mr. Alsop had done him an injustice. After he had been examined by the prison doctor he was certified to be suffering from delirium, and was removed to the workhouse hospital.

### A Tragedy Recalled.

It is just over 10 years since Mr. Alsop was an eyewitness of a tragic occurrence in the office of a friend and client of his. On the afternoon of Oct. 29, 1897, he went to the office of Mr. Edgar S. Holland in Liverpool, in order to be present at an interview between Mr. Holland and a woman named Catherine Kempshall. This woman had been Holland's mistress, but he had broken off relations with her some years before and had made her an allowance. With this, however, she was not satisfied, and brought an action against him for breach of promise. The action was settled between counsel, but Miss Kempshall repudiated the settlement and accompanied them by threats. In the end Holland, who was a man of considerable means, consented to see her at his office, and Mr. Alsop agreed to be present at the interview. Holland listened to her for some time, and then told her that she had no moral claim on him, that he had always treated her kindly, and ended by referring her to his solicitors in London. The woman told him he lied, and drawing a revolver from under her cloak, fired four shots point blank at him. Mr. Alsop ran round the table, and striking her arm down, prevented her firing again. He then pinned her hands, and found that she was also carrying a dagger. The police were sent for, the woman was arrested, and Holland was taken to the Northern Hospital, where he died. Kempshall was tried for murder, and sentenced to death, but the Home Office experts decided that she was insane, and she was sent to Broadmoor Asylum.

### AN ISOLATED CASE.

### INVENTOR BOUND OVER AT THE SESSIONS.

At the Clerkenwell Sessions, before Mr. Wallace, K.C., George Veeck, 65, inventor, pleaded guilty to having obtained £2 10s. by false pretences from Rbt. White, of Messrs. White and Sons, Oxford-st., W.—Mr. Parcell, for the prosecution, said prisoner was introduced to a member of the firm, and admiring a lecture said that it was just the thing that was wanted by the members of the congregation of St. Mark's, Marylebone-rd., who were subscribing to present the vicar with such a thing. Prisoner obtained an advance of money, but it turned out that there was no such project under consideration. — Mr. Huntly Jenkins, who represented prisoner, said the transaction was an isolated one, and urged the man's age in mitigation. — Mr. Wallace, K.C., ordered his release on recognisances to come up for sentence if called upon.



GEORGIO VEECK.

Yester, said the transaction was an isolated one, and urged the man's age in mitigation. — Mr. Wallace, K.C., ordered his release on recognisances to come up for sentence if called upon.

### FATALITY AT HENDON.

accidental death was returned in the case of Wm. Jas. London, a labourer, of Borthwick-rd., Hendon. He was riding on a tip cart when the horse taking fright, he was thrown to the ground, the cart going over him.

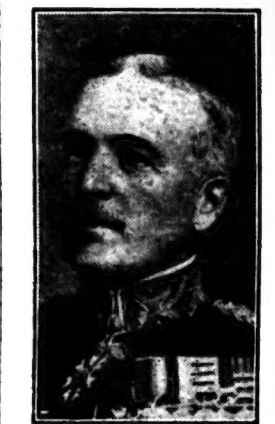
MR. WILSON'S SOUTHERN STAFF has been used over 60 years by millions of mothers for their children with toothache with perfect success. It cures all cases, soothes the gums, relieves all pain, cures colds, and is the best remedy for children. (All chemists.)

## THE ZAKKA KHELIS.

### RAPID ADVANCE OF EXPEDITION.

### LITTLE ENGLANDERS OBJECT.

No time has been lost by the Indian authorities in getting to work against the Zakka Khelis. A Reuter telegram from Calcutta says it is officially announced that on the 12th inst. the Nowshera Brigade of the Field Force operating against the Zakka Khelis was on the march to Peshawar. Troop trains were arriving there every hour, and the complete force was detailed into two brigades, with divisional troops. All arms bivouacked for the night. At dawn on the 13th the troops marched out quietly, with transport and supplies. As they moved out the Reserve Brigade



SIR J. WILLCOCKS.  
(Commander-in-Chief of the British Force.)  
(Photo, Elliott and Fry.)

quickly replaced them. Meanwhile the advance troops marched from Jamrud, taking up positions in the Khyber Pass, and rapidly sending a small column to Landi Kotal. Thus within 24 hours of the issue of the order to advance more than 30 miles of the country leading to the principal gates of the Bazar Valley were occupied.

### Troops in Good Spirits.

The celerity of the movements proved the thoroughness and efficiency of the preparations. Friendly Maliks and other tribal sections not concerned in the recent raids appeared before Gen. Sir J. Willcocks and stated that the movements of the troops had been



THE EXPEDITION PASSING THROUGH THE ROADS NEAR ALI MUGID.

unexpectedly rapid. It is the first time that brigades are employed in fact on the frontier under command of the trained troops in peace time. The troops left Peshawar in excellent spirits. A later telegram from Peshawar says the Punitive Expeditionary Force, moving with great rapidity, has entered Khyber Pass, and all northern outlets from the valley are occupied. The principal gates of Bazar Valley are also occupied.

### The British Force.

The expedition is composed as follows:—Commander-in-Chief: Maj.-gen. Sir James Willcocks.

Chief of Staff: Maj.-gen. H. Mullahey. Brigade Commanders: Maj.-gen. A. Barrett, Brig.-gen. H. H. Watkin, and Brig.-gen. C. A. Anderson.

Commandant at Base: Col. A. Dick. First Brigade: 1st Bn. Warwickshire Regt., 3rd Bn. 59th Sindh Rifles, two battalions of the 5th Gurkhas, No. 3 Mountain Battery.

Second Brigade: 1st Bn. Seaforth Highlanders, 28th Punjabis, 54th Sikhs, 45th Sikhs, 22nd Mountain Battery.

Third (Reserve) Brigade: 1st Bn. Munster Fusiliers, 1st Gurkhas, 6th Gurkhas, 55th Rifles, 23rd Mountain Battery.

Divisional troops and communications: Two squadrons Lancers, 25th Punjabis, 23rd Sikhs, and No. 6 company of Sappers.

### A Turbulent Tribe.

The Zakka Khelis are a turbulent tribe on the Indian north-west frontier. They inhabit in summer the southern portion of the Maidan Valley, in the Tirah, which was the scene of the last campaign against the Afridis. In the winter the Zakka Khelis move towards the Khyber. They are the most daring and treacherous of all the Afridis,

and in hill warfare are a formidable foe. They can muster about 4,000 fighting men. From the campaign of 1897 they were conspicuous for their attacks on rearwards, and for harassing tactics generally, and it was a party of these tribesmen which cut up a detachment of the Northampton regiment. It was their country which was ravaged by the British, and though defeated they were not by any means subdued.

### Mr. Morley Heckled.

It need hardly be said that the Little Englanders object to the operations against the Zakka Khelis, and in the House of Commons Mr. John Morley, the Secretary for India, was subjected to a remarkable cross-examination regarding the expedition. — Mr. Swift MacNeill opened fire, asking if no Press correspondents were to accompany the expedition, who, in their stead, would report the details, and why the prohibition was made?—"I am not sure that it has been made," calmly replied Mr. Morley.—"Will the House have an opportunity of expressing its opinion on the policy of the Government in this matter?" sharply demanded Mr. W. Redmond. — Mr. Morley hoped that "no discussion will take place until the expedition has, at all events, made some advance." — Mr. Willie Redmond, dissatisfied, next demanded "the probable cost of the expedition and the number of men who would be employed." — To this Mr. Morley retorted:—"His Majesty's Government have sanctioned this expedition, and it must therefore continue." — A third time Mr. Redmond demanded details, but Mr. Morley remained impassive. So with great warmth Mr. Redmond then gave notice that "on the earliest opportunity he would call attention to the practice of the Government in consulting the representatives of the people."

### "BARON" CHARGED.

### A SERIES OF ALLEGED FRAUDS.

A Baron Bruno Von Hohnfeldt, M.D., alias "Chris. J. Hughes," aged 39, giving an address at Star-st., Edgware-rd., was again brought before Mr. Plowden, at Marylebone, on the charge of attempting to obtain a charitable contribution from Mr. Arthur F. G. Leveson-Gower by false and fraudulent pretences. Accused is understood to be the author of a German grammar, and a person of considerable culture. A further charge was now preferred against prisoner of obtaining a sum of £5 by false pretences from the Rev. E. F. Bowring, rector of Farncombe, Godalming. — The reverend gentleman stated that in January last he received a letter from the prisoner in the name of Alexander R. Johnson, M.B., asking for assistance on behalf of Mr. A. J. Baines, a college contemporary of his at Cambridge, who he represented had been in hospital and was in distress. Witness at once recognised the name as that of an



BARON VON HOHNFELDT.

old acquaintance, and, believing the contents of the letter to be true, forwarded a cheque for £5 to St. Seymour-place. Prisoner, he said, was

her counsel, plaintiff said she had spent some of her own money on the tresson. The jury assessed damages at £245. This was a majority verdict taken by consent of the parties.

### Footman and Maid.

A footman who jilted a still-room maid after an engagement entered into when they were servants in the same house, was ordered by a jury at the same Guildhall to pay £5 and costs. The case was that of Cooke v. Clarke, and it was stated that plaintiff and defendant became engaged when at Burton-on-Trent. Subsequently defendant came to London while plaintiff went to Ireland, and there was a great deal of correspondence between them. One of these read:

Now, my darling, I am going to tell you the truth. I don't want anyone except my little girl; I have thoroughly given up my mind to that. I have given you my heart, and I hope, darling, nothing will ever come between us. From July last year defendant did not write for six weeks. He explained that by saying that he had a bad hand, and his letter continued:

Now, darling, you must not do anything so silly as end your life at the bottom of the sea, as you said. Darling, I know I have behaved like a brute to you. I don't know what has come over me lately.

That was the last letter he wrote. — Defendant, in the witness-box, said there was never any formal engagement.

### A BAG OF BONES.

At Long Ashton Sessions, Somerset, Chas. B. Brock, a farmer, of Weston, Portishead, was fined £5 and costs for cruelly ill-treating a horse by leaving it in a field while suffering from a diseased fore-foot with insufficient grass to eat. According to a police officer the animal was a bag of bones, and was undoubtedly starved. There were no signs of grass in the field, which was very boggy land, and there was no shelter for the horse, which was left there in all weathers. Defendant denied that the horse was starved.

The body of Lieut.-gen. Sir R. Strachey was cremated at Golden Green yesterday. At Christ Church, Lancaster Gate, a memorial service was held, and largely attended.

## LOVE AND LUCRE.

### COSTLY BROKEN PROMISES.

### SOLICITOR TO PAY £545.

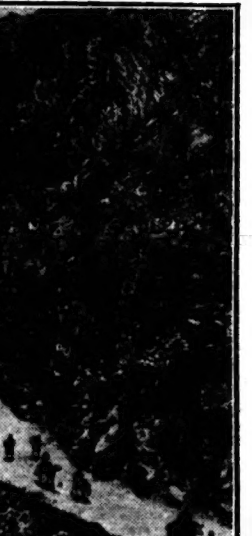
Two breach of promise cases were heard at the Middlesex Guildhall, and in each case the jury decided that the faithless swain must pay. — Heartless and unfeeling," was the description given by counsel to the conduct of a solicitor who was sued in the first case, and the jury, sharing this view, gave the aggrieved lady the substantial damages of £545. Miss Thresher, the daughter of a retired business man at Hammersmith, became acquainted with a young girl of 18 with defendant, Mr. Cawston, who was the son of a well-known doctor in Hammersmith. They met frequently at dances and at a tennis club, and became much attached to one another. Though they were only boy and girl there was an understanding between them.

### Ten Years Waiting.

Defendant asked Miss Thresher to wait for him until he was in a position to marry. She agreed, and they became informally engaged. Defendant was then an articled clerk, and he had since been admitted a solicitor, and appeared to have thrived in his practice. On March 11, 1906, defendant told Miss Thresher that he was in a position to marry, and they became formally engaged. It was actually agreed that the wedding should take place in October, 1907, but in August, after plaintiff had waited nearly ten years for him, defendant wrote boldly that he did not intend to marry her. He had since married another girl, who was a programme seller at a music hall. Defendant carried on practice in Southampton-st., Strand. As to his means, he had admitted that he was entitled to a reversion of £2,500. He had told plaintiff that he proposed to start quietly at first, to take a flat at £45 a year, and allow her £3 a week for house-keeping money. Plaintiff asked to be repaid the money she had spent on her trousseau, and expenses incurred in going to the seaside consequent on a nervous breakdown.

### Providing the Trousseau.

—Miss Thresher, who was dressed in black relieved with white, stated in the witness-box that her age was 29, and corroborated counsel's statement, adding that defendant told her he had made a will in her favour. — Defendant in person cross-examined plaintiff, and asked in reference to the trousseau if she did not tell him that she started making it while she could get it for nothing. — Witness: Did I? — Defendant read a passage from one of plaintiff's letters, in which she wrote:—"I made a lot because I thought while I could get them for nothing I might as well have plenty of everything." — Witness: I had really forgotten that. — In reply to



MISS BEATTY.

applied to the other division of the Court of Appeal for leave to enter a cross appeal asking for a new trial on the ground that the damages awarded her were inadequate. The application was granted, and defendants having abandoned their appeal, the case proceeded on the cross appeal.

### Willing to go to Prison.

—Miss Beatty, a fair-haired lady of middle age, who was attired in the dress of a hospital nurse, took her seat at the solicitors' table, and when the case was called on rose and explained to the Court that she had been awarded £250 damages against the London United Tramways (Ld.) in respect of an accident in Goldhawk-rd., W., and she appealed on the ground that the damages were inadequate. — The Master of the Rolls said the Court always shrank from disturbing the verdict of a jury, and would never do so unless it was perfectly plain that the verdict was unjust, or had been obtained in some way which empowered the Court to order a new trial. — Miss Beatty said the Court would have to deal with it, or deal with her. She was willing to go to prison, but she was not going to be called a fraud by Mr. Justice Channell or anybody else. — The Master of the Rolls: We will deal with it, and dismiss your appeal. — The Lady: You cannot dismiss my appeal. The defendants offered to pay me £200, and I say you shall and must deal with it.

### You are a Lot of Cowards.

—Mr. Roskill, K.C., who appeared for the company, mentioned that his clients had paid £50 into court. — The Lady: Which I ask you to take back, because I will not accept it. I am not going out of the court, and I am going to have justice one way or the other. — The Master of the Rolls said they had given their decision, and asked the lady to leave the court. — The Lady: I shall not do it. This is the second dose of injustice I have had in these courts. — The Master of the Rolls: If you do not go quietly you must be removed. — The Lady (by this time very excited): I will not go. I have the right to be in the court. I will not go, she repeated, "for you are all a lot of cowards. I have a right to take the law into my own hands if such men as you cannot deal with it. This is the reward I get for nursing the sick all my life."

### A Terrible Threat.

The Master of the Rolls ordered her removal, and two ushers, one pulling her and the other pushing, attempted to execute the mandate. But the lady clung to the table, and they did not move her an inch. All this time she was vehemently expostulating, and seemed at one time likely to succeed in holding out, but a door attendant was called in, and, putting his arms round her from the back, dragged her out of the court. Outside the court Miss Beatty continued to protest against the way in which she had been treated. "We ought not to be tried by men," she said; "I will not go away; they may lock me up if they please." She also expressed the wish that the Master of the Rolls was "man enough" to come out into the corridor, as "if she could get at him she would pull his wig off."

### Shattered Father Gapes.

It was in Miss Beatty's house that Father Gapon was hidden, when the police were making diligent search for him in Paris, after the riots in Russia, where he led the popular and their outcry against the Czar. She received Father Gapon into her house at the request of a Russian barrister, who himself had to leave the country for defending a political prisoner. At first Miss Beatty was not aware of his identity, but it was subsequently discovered. Miss Beatty told a "People's" representative yesterday that all the time he was in her house he never went out in the day time, contenting himself with smoking cigarettes and drinking tea. He afterwards left this country and went to Paris.

## LADY AND THE LAW.

### AN APPEAL COURT SCENE.

### STRUGGLE WITH USHERS.

An extraordinary scene was witnessed in the Court of Appeal when the case of Beatty v. The London United Tramways (Ld.) came on for hearing before the Master of the Rolls and Lords Justices Moulton and Buckley. According to the printed list, this was an application by defendant company asking for judgment or new trial in a personal accident case tried before Justice Channell and a common jury, in which plaintiff, Miss Beatty, was awarded £250. Defendants paid the damages into court, and set down this appeal. Some little time ago Miss Beatty



MISS BEATTY.

applied to the other division of the Court of Appeal for leave to enter a cross appeal asking for a new trial on the ground that the damages awarded her were inadequate. The application was granted, and defendants having abandoned their appeal, the case proceeded on the cross appeal.

### Willing to go to Prison.

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### SENNOR FRANCO'S DESIRE.

According to an Italian newspaper report, Senhor Franco, the ex-Portuguese Dictator, may be expected in Rome. He has, it is stated, written to a Portuguese bishop, asking him to obtain for him an audience of the Pope, whose abolition he wishes to secure, and with whom he is anxious to confer.

## CURE YOUR SKIN ILLNESS NOW

Every moment you neglect your skin trouble it gets worse. Skin illness does not cure itself. The idea that skin complaints will go away of their own accord is responsible for the number of people you see disfigured by red, rough skin, pimples, blackheads, eczema, and boils, or made wretched by a bad leg, nettle-rash, or some other worrying and distressing skin affection. The one thing to do if your skin is in the least unhealthy is to adopt the "Antexema" treatment immediately, as it is always quickly successful in every variety of skin trouble. It is so inexpensive that a complete cure is within the reach of everyone. It is easy to obtain "Antexema." All Chemists and Stores supply "Antexema" in 1s. 11d. and 2s. 6d. bottles, or you can send 1s. 3d. or 2s. 6d. direct to the Antexema Company, 33, Castle-road, London, N.W., and receive post free, in plain wrapper, a bottle of this never-failing skin cure. With every bottle is enclosed a copy of our family handbook, "Skin Troubles," which tells you all about skin illness and its cure.

**SMOKE**  
**Mitcham Shag**  
COOL AND DELICIOUSLY FRAGRANT. Packed in Tins, 10s. and 20s. Mild (White Label), Medium (Red Label), Full (Green and Yellow Labels). ALL THE SAME PRICE. RUTTER & CO., Mitcham.

**KEATING'S**  
TINS 1/6  
**LOZENGES**  
CURE THE WORST COUGH

## CHRONIC COUGHS.

### Blue-Coat Boy Cured by Peps.

Nurse Edington, "Homeleigh," Upper High Street, Worthing, writes:—"I have great pleasure in testifying to the efficacy of your invaluable Peps. My son William, who is in the Blue-Coat School, suffered from a troublesome cough for a long time, but it was much worse these last two years. I think the cough was constitutional, through a weakness in the throat. I tried several remedies for the cough, including emulsions of cod-liver oil and malt, but I found nothing so beneficial as Peps. Even from Peps I scarcely expected more than relief from the attacks of coughing, but Peps cured the cough altogether. The cough steadily became less violent and less frequent, as we persevered with Peps, and very soon disappeared altogether. All through the wintry weather of the Christmas holidays my boy had no return of his cough, and I believe his constitutional weakness is now permanent cured. I shall always be pleased to recommend Peps in my profession."

## Peps

See that you get Peps. Recommended by the medical profession for coughs, colds, bronchitis, and other throat and chest ailments. Look for the short distinctive title on every 1s. 11d. and 2s. 6d. box.



**"SPOONER'S REVENGE."**A LIMERICK STORY.  
By CHRIS.

"HEAR," said I to Willie Wiggs, the sole proprietor, editor, leader, writer, and sole advertising agent for "The Acacia Free Press," as we discussed matters of general local interest in the smoke-room of the club, "that your journalistic rival, 'The Acacia Observer,' is no more."

"Correct," said Willie Wiggs. "It dried up on Thursday last. 'What was the cause?' I inquired. 'Lack of capital? Lack of enterprise?' or—"

"You've hit the bullseye upside down in that last sentence. It wasn't lack of enterprise, but too much enterprise which killed the 'Observer.' You see Brambletree, the proprietor, fancied himself as a hustler, said there was no sentiment in business, and all the rest of that singular heartlessness that passes for alleged brilliancy and smartness in these degenerate days. At first the 'Observer' was a bit slow in catching on, notwithstanding a change in the editorial department some seventeen times within six months. Then the usual genius came along in the shape of a lantern-jawed youth whose eyes were well set back in his head, on the oranium of which stood a crop of hair which was always in an erect condition as though in a chronic state of surprise at the immense amount of intellect which rested beneath its roots. He rejoiced in the name of Spooner, and I can tell you he was real smart; he was up to every dodge on the journalistic board, but his crowning glory was the introduction of Limericks into the advertisement columns."

"The idea was if you were a better merchant—I am only quoting him as a sample of the local advertiser—you inserted the usual farago of four lines of rhythmic nonsense, then offered a prize of, say, a crate of eggs or a side of bacon for the missing line, the entrance fee being a pound of butter bought at the advertiser's shop. Nearly every shopkeeper and tradesman in Acacia was struck with the idea, and so the advertisement columns of 'The Observer' became a blazing glory of Limericks at extra rates."

"We felt it severely; we even went so far as to pay the 'Observer' the compliment of obituary notice; but we hadn't a Spooner. We failed, and the 'Free Press' had to confess it was hard hit, till one eventful morning."

I met Brambletree on that particular occasion. He had just come up from his country residence, having left Spooner, as he usually did, to "put the paper to bed," otherwise "send it to press." Of course, we always pretended to be friends. He asked me if the "Free Press" was alive, and I said there would be no "Observer" if there had been no Spooner. He took umbrage at my compliment to Spooner, and said he had the talent of finding clever men, and if I wanted Spooner I could have him, as he had found another man much smarter than Spooner, to whom that very morning he was going to hand a month's wages in lieu of notice. I was just about to reflect upon his ungratefulness, when there was the sound of a hollow blow, and I saw Brambletree, with his hat well over his eyes, searching round him as though playing "Blind Man's Buff," while a stout, florid gentleman, who would have been more at home with a collecting-plate in a chapel, was dancing round the hoodwinked Brambletree, asking him to "Come on."

"What's the matter? Compose yourself," I shouted, throwing my arms as far as I could round the florid man's waist.

"Compose myself!" he yelled. "Read this, and then if you bore the name of Slope I'll ask if you could compose yourself."

I took the paper. It was "The Acacia Observer," hot from the

in the distance than a hansom cab, which was about to amble past, pulled up opposite us and an anxious-looking man asked me the nearest way to "The Acacia Observer" office. I coughed hard and looked at Brambletree. He gave me a look of painful entreaty. I suggested to the anxious-looking man that I knew the way to the office, but it would be a long way, and he would be late. He gave a sigh of relief and remarked, "Anyhow, it has saved a crime," and I saw him affectionately stroke the barrel of a rifle he had concealed under his overcoat.

"Read that," said he, handing me a cutting, "and then tell me, if I had killed the proprietor on sight, whether the jury wouldn't have returned a verdict of 'Justifiable homicide'?"

The praise of Godham loudly sang. He dealt in turbot, plaice and haddock. His shop it is a glorious sight. The fish he sells is fresh and bright. But the smell, oh well—save the King.

"You can see how I felt," resumed the anxious man, "after I had perused those anti-Tennyson lines, but I'm wondering what Tucker—he's my special friend, we served two years on the Lord Board together—will think of this."

What is to be will be, so most of us say. But to every dark cloud there's a silver ray.

We're here to-day and gone to-morrow. Then why give way to boundless sorrow. When Tucker for five pound ten will comfortably suck you away?

"That's hardly the worst of 'em," went on the anxious man. "I was told the driver of the hansom cab to his restless steed. 'Wee?' said the anxious man, 'I should say so. There'll be a lot of woe in Acacia to-day. Perhaps your friend, who is sitting on the doorstep yonder, trying to straighten out his top hat, would like to listen to it. Brambletree shook his head in a weird manner, but I felt like the youthful Oliver, I wanted 'more.'"

A pastrycook and baker is Herr Von Roebach Soolla. Who supplies excellent bread to thousands of honest souls. So if you wish to live happy and joyous, merry, upright and strong, Just carefully side-slice his sausage rolls.

"Your friend must listen to this," said the anxious man. "It's about Roebach, the ham and beef man; he rather deserved it—I never liked



The man with the razor.

him," said the anxious man, giving vent to a smothered chuckle which sounded like the muffled rum of a Band of Hope. I dragged the miserable Brambletree forward while the anxious man cleared his throat and lifted up his voice.

For wholesome goods Mr. Rounds takes the biscuit. Just try a nice cut off his cold ham and bristles.

And if you feel as though likewise You could enjoy one of his famous pork pies. First make out your will and then risk it.

With this last verse, the anxious man told the driver to "whip up," and he eventually disappeared from view. "Take me," said Brambletree, in a husky whisper, "to your own back office, they will never dream of finding me there, and let me know the worst. I took him there, for as you know, Chris, I really have a kind heart."

The office boy opened the door with a frightened looking face. "What's the matter, my lad?" I inquired of the startled looking juvenile. "I thought, sir," he said, "at first that you was the man with the razor who had called." "What?" said I, with astonishment. "Yes, he mistook this for the office of the 'Observer,' and he called back twice to see that he hadn't made a mistake; said he was a haberdasher," added the youth. Brambletree trembled, and requested me to send out for a bottle of brandy, and then to double lock the office door. I once more went down the poetry column of the copy of the "Acacia Observer," and found the cause of the razor demonstration.

Chuffey's spring sale of goods shop would be a very fine chance for those who have toiled.

This week they'll get bargains every day. Which will make each toilet honestly say. That cheating old Chuffey ought to be boiled.

"Don't read any more," said the disconsolate Brambletree, "I desisted; there was only one I should have liked to have read to him. It was Spooner's last shot. It read something like this, and was Brambletree's own advertisement for printing, which had been indignantly perverted by the avenger:

If your thoughts you'd like to see in proper English dress, And served up in a catchy style, 'a la mustard and cress.' Do it at once—don't hesitate— You know the proprietor's fate. Take a server, drop your pen, and buy 'The Acacia Free Press.'"

Of course the "Acacia Observer" perished. As for poor Brambletree, his life has been attempted twice, he has six libel actions on hand, and I verily believe that on his demise it will be found that he has Spooner on the brain.



There was the sound of a hollow blow.

press. I read the matter indicated by the florid man's forehead. It was a Spoonerism, and ran as follows:—

Slop's butter is as fresh as paint, And is loved by both sinner and saint. When once you strike it, You'll say there's nothing like it. And thank the Lord that this ain't—

"That's not the worst by a long way," said the florid man, "just read what the infernal paper says about poor Nibble, the grocer. He's looked himself in his back parlour and threatens to shoot himself directly he can get his boy, the eldest of ten little Nibbles, to go out and get a couple of tuppenny cartridges for him."

I read on:—

Come join the joyful band Who buy Nibble's goods so grand. Sure such chapsman he'll rue it. They say, 'How does he do it?' Why? by mixing his sugar with sand.

A light was beginning to dawn upon me. The gifted Spooner, had gained knowledge of his grateful employer's honourable intentions towards him, and, in a fit of revenge, had not waited for the competitors' last lines but had promptly inserted his own. I explained to the florid man, after lifting Brambletree's hat from off his eyes, the partially satisfied state of my threat of "the law," he left me. No sooner had his broad back vanished

**CASHIER STABBED.**

ALLEGED ATTACK ON A LADY.

ASSISTANT CHARGED.

The sequel to the Bayswater stabbing affair, announced in the Sunday edition of "The People," was heard when Hy. Geo. Mitchell, aged 33, described as a chessomaniac, assistant, living at Warlock-road, Paddington, was brought before Mr. Paul Taylor at Marblebone, charged with attempting to murder Miss Eliza Read by stabbing her in the body at 8, Porchester-road, Bayswater.

It is understood that prisoner is a married man, and has been employed for some years at the shop of Messrs. Win. and Hy. Bunce, chessomaniacs, at 8, Porchester-road. The injured woman, who is about the same age as prisoner, is said to be a niece of Mr. Bunce, and had been in his employment as a cashier. She is now lying in St. Mary's Hospital.

**Suffering from Several Wounds.**—In the abdomen, which are supposed to have been inflicted with a butchery's long knife. Local Insp. Fuller, who has charge of the case, proposed



HENRY GEORGE MITCHELL.

to offer only sufficient evidence to justify a remand. Det. sergt. Williams stated that about 7.30 on Saturday evening he was in Fernhead-road, Paddington, with Det. M'Innes, and there saw prisoner. He stopped him, told him who they were, and said he should take him into custody for attempting to murder, by stabbing Eliza Read, at 8, Porchester-road. Prisoner replied, "All right. I shall not run away." He was conveyed to the Paddington Green Police Station, and when formally charged, he merely nodded his head. "I might say," added the officer, "that he had been drinking very heavily."

**Injuries Not Serious.**—The magistrate asked if the woman was seriously injured. Det. sergt. Williams said she was not, and it was thought that she would be able to attend the court in a fortnight. Insp. Dale produced a knife—a long instrument with a thin and sharp-pointed blade—with which it is alleged the injuries were inflicted. In consequence of information received, he said, he went to Mr. Bunce's shop. In the cellar under, near the shop he saw two brine tubs, and near them a quantity of blood. The knife produced was handed to him by an assistant named Owen. There were no bloodstains upon it, but the point of the instrument was bent. The inspector said he afterwards went to the St. Mary's Hospital and saw the injured woman, who made a statement. Prisoner asked no questions, and was remanded in custody. "Cheer up," said a man at the rear of the court.



WILLIAM LEE.

was captured. Det. sergt. Hancox proved the following sentences against prisoner, whom he described as a most dangerous burglar, who always worked by himself:

1895—15 months. 1902—5 years' penal servitude.  
1898—20 months. 1907—1 month.  
1900—21 months.

—Mr. Robert Wallace sentenced him to three years' penal servitude.

**CITY AND MISS NIGHTINGALE.**—That the freedom of this City in a gold casket, valued at 100 guineas, be presented to Miss Florence Nightingale. This was the motion carried unanimously at a meeting of the London Court of Common Council.

Moving the resolution, Mr. Deputy Wallace said that when the King and the German Emperor were showing their appreciation of this lady's work the City should not be wanting. The presentation would be a token of the Court's appreciation of the work she had done in initiating the nursing system. Amid loud cheers, the Deputy remarked that the honour ought to have been conferred 20 years ago.

21,000 has been collected among the patients and friends of the late Dr. W. S. Playfair, and to be presented to King's College Hospital as a view to erecting a memorial to him at the institution with which he was so long associated.

**£20 FOR A KISS.**

AN EXPENSIVE LUXURY.

SECRETARY HEAVILY FINED.

"My dear, kiss me and be quiet," wrote Lady Mary Wortley Montagu in a "summary of Lord Lyttleton's advice," but Miss Edith Hall evidently does not agree with her ladyship's advice. The story was told by Hanley when Chas. Fdk. Goodfellow, secretary to the Fokker's Mills Co., Ball, 16, in a carriage on the North Staffordshire Rly.—It was stated on behalf of the prosecution that on the 22nd ult. complainant, who was in domestic service at Tunstall, had been to visit her parents at London, and was returning by a late train, leaving Longton at 10.8. Defendant entered the compartment in which she was sitting just as the train started, and at the next station the only other occupant, a woman, got out.

**Not Once But Many Times.**—Between Fenton and Stoke defendant took hold of her and kissed her several times, and he also prevented her leaving the carriage when the train arrived at Stoke station. She shouted for the guard, but no one came, and as there were few people on the platform she was unable to attract any attention, and was obliged to travel on with defendant. While the train was travelling between Stoke and Etruria defendant again took hold of her and kissed her. At Etruria the girl got out of the carriage and complained to the guard, who put her into another compartment. According to the evidence of Fdk. Doig, the guard of the train, the girl made a complaint to him, being at the time in an agitated state. He took defendant's name and address, and at three o'clock asked what charge Hanley Goodfellow asked what charge had been made against him. Witness advised him to go and see the girl, who was still in the train, but defendant refused to do so.

**In a Train or in a Street?**—Defendant emphatically denied the statements made by complainant. Replying to the stipendiary, he said he did not endeavour to find out what the charge was when the guard spoke to him, because he thought it was better not to say anything to the girl. The stipendiary said his duty left him no alternative than to find defendant guilty. Had it been proved that defendant had attempted to be intimate with the girl he would not have had the slightest hesitation in sending him to prison for a considerable term; but he would take the evidence on that point entirely in his favour. He would remind him, however, that in kissing a girl against her will the offence was much more serious when committed in a railway carriage, where the girl would be entirely at the man's mercy, than in the open street. Defendant had frightened the girl by kissing her against her will, and for that he would have to pay £20, including costs.

**FINAL ANNOUNCEMENT.**

This Advertisement will not appear again—The Closing Date of this Grand Competition is February 29.

**SAMUDA'S (THIRD) GRAND LIMERICK.**

FIRST PRIZE:

**£1,000 Cash.**

SECOND - - £100 Cash.

THIRD - - £50 Cash.

Consolation Prizes—Five of £10 each.

No matter how few enter, we pay all Prizes in full

**IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.**

Where the Competitor prefers Cigars or Pipe Tobacco, or a higher grade Cigarette, we are prepared to supply "Avoca" Cigars, "Avoca" Infantino White, "Avoca" Smoking Mixture, or "Avoca" Virginia, Turkish, and Egyptian Cigarettes in place of "Traylee" Cigarettes. Particulars will be sent on receipt of stamped addressed envelope.

Samuda's are not making a fortune out of these Limericks. They are content if the sale of "Traylee" Cigarettes pay a proportion of the cost of the Competitions. The Competitions are arranged to advertise their new "Traylee" Virginia Cigarettes. The "Traylee" Cigarettes are the best Virginia Cigarettes on the market at 2s. 6d. per box. You are always smoking Cigarettes. Begin now with "Traylee"—a box a week. Send a last line with each box you buy week by week. It is no less to you and you may win £1,000 Cash.

Address Envelope: THE LIMERICK COMMITTEE, c/o J. SAMUDA & Co., 34, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.

Guarantee.—If duly sent post paid a box of 100 "Traylee" Virginia Cigarettes for which I enclose 2s. 6d. and 2d. for postage. If from any cause you do not receive this order you are at liberty to return my money, and by so doing I entirely waive my right to be considered a competitor. I agree to accept the Committee's decision as final, and under the Competition on that I understand.

(Please) FULL NAME.....  
write clearly.) POSTAL ADDRESS.....  
TOWN.....  
COUNTY.....

If more than one line is sent, write same, with name and address, on a separate sheet, and for each last line sent in 100 "Traylee" Cigarettes and 2d. for postage. Additional entry coupons will be sent on receipt of stamped addressed envelope.

**CUT OUT THIS COUPON AND FILL UP CAREFULLY.**

People No. 4.

1908.

Unique is the prize, so say we. And not less unique is "Traylee." You're no loss to repine if you send a last line.

**THE BATTLE OF PALACE YARD.**

Is me see, if you can, a woman hating man Who never, no never, would kiss him, sh! I'm brave and stern and bold. I am neither young nor old— But I'm the suffragette's generalissimo.

I'm the leader of the Caucus, and my voice is slightly raucous. People say that I'm a mere emotional squealer, But I glory in arrest, and in hitting at chest.

Of a big Parliamentary "peeler."

I would like to make a bet (I never made one yet) That there never has been such an invasion As when we women went to the House of Parliament. Oh! It's quite a historical occasion— Quite a big beautiful day—I dearly love a fray.

With lots of incidentals pyrotechnic; And although I'm not a man, I was always in the van. Which was borrowed from a firm of men pantaloins.

You are all aware, of course, of the wooden Trojan horse Which resulted in the capture of a But the team is yet unborn, single, tandem, unicorn, Which drew such a precious vanload, men's the pity.

We girls of modern Troy mean only to annoy. Though we claim the vote for women most imperiously. We're a harmless little fraud, whom the hooligans applaud, And, for Heaven's sake, don't take us over seriously.

We are desperately lucky, though our blouses may look "mucky." I believe we've one or two would face a unicorn.

Though should such a beast be near we are prone to disappearing (Are there "fearful wild-fowl" like them in the House?) Though we talk with great verbosity, it's sheerest curiosity.

That really is our dominating note. Our innermost motive is an offering that is votive. A petition that the girls may have a vote.

Suffragettes! Attention! Number! We will have no food nor slumber. The police shall tear our clothing into shreds. Like the famous Boadicea I will be your "bona fide."

And will wear our flag triumphant o'er their heads. History says she was defeated—we shall never be unseated. When we're safely once within St. Stephen's hall.

Men shall know what women's might is when they're seized with suffragette! Boot and saddle! Shoulder arms! The bugle calls.

As you were! Stand easy, ladies! What I'm very much afraid is That the enemy's inclined to spoil my plan. For, although I long have tarried—I've an offer to get married, And I can't refuse such terms from any man.

For the franchise I was burning, but dear comrades, I am learning. If I'd had a vote I might have been content. If you got it you'd be quiet—there would be an end of riot. But for me—on matrimony I'm intent. St. Valentine's Day, 1908.

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## IN THE COURTS YESTERDAY.

### STORIES TOLD TO MAGISTRATES AND CORONERS.

#### King's Bench Division.

##### MOTOR-BUS GEAR CASE.

Justice Darling had before him the case of McDonald v. Hales Transmision Gear Co., in which plaintiff claimed £116 10s. 3d., balance of an account for the making and fitting of a gear to a motor omnibus. The defence was that defendants had paid what they agreed to, and that the balance should be paid by a company called the Gear Syndicate.—Lord Russell, counsel for plaintiff, said that the gear in question was invented for motor cars by a gentleman named Hall, and was modified to a considerable extent by Dr. Hele Shaw. He understood defendants said that they were to pay for the gear, and this they had done, but they were not to be responsible for fitting it to the chassis.—His Lordship, in his judgment, said that the plaintiff had to decide whether Dr. Hele Shaw had authority to pledge the credit of the defendant syndicate. He came to the conclusion that he had not. There was no evidence to show that the making of the gear cost more than £30. This amount had been paid, and therefore gave judgment for defendants. He thought the Gear Syndicate were responsible for what Dr. Hele Shaw did, and on that account he would give judgment without costs.

#### Mansion House.

**EXPENSIVE TRAVELLING.**—“This is as bad a case of its kind as I have ever had before me,” was the remark of Sir Walter Vaughan Morgan, when Henry Richards, a clerk, of Catford, was summoned for having, on Jan. 20 and 21, travelled on the S.E. and C.D. Railway between New Cross and Cannon-st. without a ticket.—Mr. Fraser (prosecutor) said defendant was seen to take a 3rd return from Hither Green to New Cross, but travelled on to Cannon-st., passing the barrier without giving up a ticket or paying excess. On the 24th Richards was stopped at London Bridge and accused of travelling without paying his proper fare, and he had not paid. You must have made a mistake. It must be another man whom you have been watching. I am a

**RESPECTABLE CITY BUSINESS MAN.**—He offered to pay the fare, but this was refused. Defendant asked no questions of the railway officials who were called to prove the case. Addressing the Bench, he said he had lived 20 years in the suburbs, and had not the least intention of doing wrong to the company. “This was purely absent-mindedness on my part,” said defendant.—Mr. Fraser thought it right to inform the court that the man had been under observation for a week, and other proceedings might have been taken against him. Eight officials had been employed to track the defendant.—Fined £6 2s., including costs.—The amount the railway company had been defrauded of was 8d.

#### Guildhall.

**PRISONER FOR CRUELTY.**—A carman, Ernest Dunning, 56, of Camden Grove, S.E., was charged with cruelty to two horses by working them whilst very lame and with flogging one unmercifully with a whip. For causing them to be so worked Arthur Simmonds, the horsekeeper, was summoned.—P.C. Perry was in the Minories when he saw Dunning thrashing one of the horses in a brutal manner. Noticing that the other horse was being worked, he charged the driver with cruelty. The horsekeeper subsequently admitted sending the horse out.—Ald. Guthrie, who is the owner?—Witness: Mr. A. G. Peckall, contractor, of Peckham. He has over 40 horses, and I have previously cautioned him about working his horses in an unfit state.—Mr. Dudgeon, the court veterinary, said the animals had been in pain and unfit to work for months. There were many whip marks on the flanks of one horse.—Ald. Guthrie: It is as bad a case of cruelty as it possibly could be. Your own veterinary surgeon agrees that the horses are not fit to work.—The gaoler proved previous convictions against Mr. Peckall.—The Alderman sentenced Dunning to 14 days' hard labour without the option of a fine, and fined Simmonds 45s and 25s. costs or 14 days.

#### Bow-street.

##### GREAT FORGED BILLS CASE.

The serious charge against Philip Boreford, of Victoria Villas, Kilburn, of forging and uttering Bills of Exchange, was resumed.—It was alleged that prisoner had on various dates sent to Messrs. Cox and Co., army agents and bankers, Charing Cross, four bills of exchange purporting to be signed by A. F. Cox and accepted by Capt. Brassey, of the Life Guards. Each bill was accompanied by a letter requesting Messrs. Cox to send the amount required in bank notes to the Shaftesbury-avenue. The first two letters were delivered by an express messenger from the Post Office, contained bills for £200 each, and Messrs. Cox, believing them to be genuine, sent bank notes for £200 which, it is alleged, came into the possession of the prisoner. On Feb. 1 another express messenger arrived at Cox's Bank with a bill for £1,000, purporting to be signed by Capt. Brassey. By this time the bankers' suspicion was aroused.

They therefore declined to pay the money, and communicated with Det.-Insp. Allen. On Feb. 7 Messrs. Cox, received by special messenger, a bill for £200 purporting to be signed by Capt. Brassey. They at once signed by Det.-Insp. Allen, and acting on his suggestion they gave the messenger an envelope containing nothing but blank paper. The messenger took the sealed envelope to 87, Shaftesbury-avenue. Some hours later, it was further alleged, accused called for it, and was arrested by Det.-Insp. Allen. On being told that he was charged with prisoner stated that he had sent let-

ters to the bank at the request of a man named Cox, who said Capt. Brassey had him some money and the same time he admitted having received one half of the £200, and obtained from the bank.

**CAPT. BRASSEY'S STORY.**—Mr. R. H. Cox, a member of the banking firm referred to, gave evidence in support of the case, and said that each letter containing a bill was accompanied by a slip bearing the words, “Large notes, please.”—Judge Brassey, captain in the 1st Life Guards, said prisoner was employed by him as a chauffeur from December, 1905, until April last. He paid him his wages monthly by cheque, and in that way he would become acquainted with witness's signature. Witness was shown the bills referred to, and said they were forgeries.—Jas. Squires, newagent, Shaftesbury-avenue, said he had not seen any of the letters, in the name of Cox, a friend of his, and forward them to Cecil House, Charing Cross. Four letters were delivered in that name, and three of them were sent to Cecil House.—Remanded.

#### Thames.

##### A SHOCKING CHARGE.

A barman, Hbt. Manning, employed at the Red Lion public-house, High-st., Poplar, was charged with improperly selling Maud Marlton, aged five, of Grosvenor Buildings, 1, Upper-Jas. Jno. Bennett, a cleaner in the Blackwall Tunnel, stated that while standing near the spiral staircase he received certain information and followed prisoner, who was carrying a little girl towards the Greenwich end. He acted improperly towards the child and a lady coming up prisoner pulled her coat pocket some of the child's clothing and threw it away.—Geo. Allen, also a cleaner in the Tunnel, gave similar evidence, and Mrs. Clara Norden stated that she told prisoner if the child belonged to her she would scratch his face.—The child, who was very intelligent, stated that while playing in the street prisoner spoke to her, saying he would give her a sixpence.—Medical evidence was also given.—Committed for trial.

##### ITALIAN AND THE KNIFE.

An Italian seaman, Antonio Bandiotti, was charged with wounding Alexander Kennedy, a fireman.—It was stated prosecutor was now lying in the Poplar Hospital.—The evidence showed both men were employed on the S.E. and C.D. Railway in the Millwall Dock. On Friday they had some words, and Kennedy said they would settle it at dinner time. When they met in the forecabin Kennedy asked accused what he had to say, and the latter replied, “I don't fight with my hands.” More words followed, and prisoner said, “I will fight you.” Kennedy was in the act of taking off his shirt when Bandiotti rushed and struck him. They exchanged blows, and blood was seen streaming down Kennedy's back. Prosecutor called out he was stabbed, and prisoner rushed away aft. The accused was seen to throw away a long-bladed knife over the side of the ship, and it was recovered. When P.C. 548K arrived he found prisoner being held by a crowd of dock labourers, and he said to the officer, “Don't leave me. I stabbed him with a knife. Two of them came for me, and I used my knife.—Prosecutor had three stabs in the right shoulder.—Remanded.

#### West London.

##### GYMNASTIC INSTRUCTOR AND SALESWOMAN.

A contemptible defence was made by David Long, 35, a gymnastic instructor, of 54, Pembroke-rd., Kensington, who was charged, on remand, with stealing by means of a trick five grooves of picture postcards from Harnett Britton, an Exhibition saleswoman, of Blythe-rd., Hammer-smith.—Prosecutor stated that she met prisoner in Olympia, and in his presence she left the packet of postcards at a buffet. During her absence accused sent a message in her name for the delivery of the cards, and she found out later that he had sold them at a shop in Blythe-rd.—Prosecutor, in answer to prisoner, said she had known him for nine years.

##### MAGISTRATE'S STERN REBUKE.

—Prisoner: Did I make arrangements to meet you last Sunday? Yes.—Prisoner: Haven't you asked me to go away with you? Yes—he means working at markets, sir.—Prisoner (meeting): Oh, yes, working.—Magistrate: Do you mean to say that she was ready to go away with you as your mistress?—Prisoner: That was the idea.—Prosecutor: No, no, certainly not.—Prisoner: Didn't you say you didn't mean to live with your husband again?—Magistrate: You needn't answer that question. A more wicked, contemptible defence could not be conceived, and any display more absolutely mean, and any intelligence more absolutely foolish, considering your (prisoner's) present position, could not be imagined. You will be sentenced to three months' hard labour.

#### Marylebone.

##### WEST-END MOTOR SMASH.

Looking dazed and ill, Wm. Alf. Birch, 22, chauffeur, of Down-st. Mews, Piccadilly, was charged with being drunk while in charge of a motor-car in Baywater-rd.—P.C. Wootton stated that about 4 o'clock that morning, while on duty in Leicester Gardens he heard a smash in Baywater-rd. He hurried there, and found prisoner lying in the roadway. He was drunk, and appeared to have been hurt, so he conveyed him to the hospital, where he was examined by the house surgeon.—Mr. Plowden: Was there anything to account for the smash?—P.C. Wootton: Yes; he was driving and had smashed into a milk van, but his car had gone on. He complained that he had something the matter with his knee.—Wm. Birch, a milk carrier in the employment of Messrs. Frooth and Pook,

of the Albert Embankment, Vauxhall, gave evidence that he was driving a vanload of milk from Paddington Station that morning, and was about to turn out of Leicester-st. into Baywater-rd. when he noticed a motor-car “flashing” down the road. He tried to pull up, but before he could do so the motor-car dashed into his horses, knocked them down, broke the harness, and smashed the pole of the van. The car then darted off, and the driver either fell or jumped out, after which the car went on down the road. Prisoner was the driver. Witness added that he shouted to accused as he was approaching, but he seemed to have lost control of the car.—Accused remanded.

#### Clerkenwell.

**TOOK HIM AT HIS WORD.**—A charge of stealing two sheets, curtains, etc., of the value of 8s. 6d., the property of Rbt. Custance, was preferred against Selina Allen, a woman of 25.—Prosecutor said he had lived with accused for three or four months at Cloudeley-sq., Islington. On Monday she left him, and he missed some of the things from his house.—A man, who was back of the court, suddenly shouted “Watch it!” witness in a loud voice. The usher: “Put him out of court.”—As a police officer pushed him through the door the man bawled: “Oh, it's only me! it's only her husband!”—The woman said she had been in the habit of pawing things with the sanction of prosecutor to keep him while he was out of work. He told her to go, and she took him at his word. Because she had left him he had prosecuted her out of spite.—The husband, who had been turned out, was now invited to come into court again.—“She's my wife,” he said to the magistrate, “and she's a good wife. She's all right. 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## OUR IMPERIAL SERVICES

## NAVAL, MILITARY, AND CIVILIAN.

## THE LOWER DECK.

## Gunnery Progress.



The publication of the results of last year's Heavy Gun-laying Test in the Navy goes to show what splendid success is still being achieved by the officers and men of the fleet in the all-important matter of straight shooting. It is in every way a satisfactory document, and reflects credit on everyone concerned in bringing about such desirable results. The Channel Fleet takes the second, the South and Australia and the East India come third, while the Cape of Good Hope is eighth, the North American and West India and Fourth Cruiser Squadrons the ninth, and the Special Services Tenders bring up the rear with the tenth place. The best ship in the fleet is the Achilles, of the Fifth Cruiser Squadron, with a score of 76.4 points, while the King Alfred, the flagship of the Channel Fleet, takes second place with a score of 74.7 points. The battleships Prince of Wales and Albion take third and fourth place with 63.4 and 62.3 points respectively. The Powerful, the flagship on the Australian station, was also well to the front with over 50 per cent.

## The Man Who Did It.

The names of the best ships having been given, it is only fair that the names of some of the Navy's best heavy gunners should also be known up and down the land, for they are naval aspects of great value to the nation. Starting with the 12in. gun, we have some splendid shooting standing against the name of Petty Officer A. B. B. who made seven hits at the rate of two hits per minute on board the Formidable. Then in the Achilles Sargt. J. German, A.M.A., made ten hits on the target from 6.2in. gun at the rate of four shots per minute; while a leading seaman, named H. Carter, on board the King Alfred, also made eight hits from the 6in. gun at the rate of 15 hits per minute. In the South and Australia Petty Officer Duffus made nine hits in one minute from a 4.7in. gun, and on board the Persius Petty Officer A. Reed made seven hits in three-quarters of a minute from a 4in. gun. All these are remarkably good performances, and show how rapidly we are advancing for the target was smaller during 1901 than in 1900, and only 100 hits were counted when 125 targets were used during last year.

## Joining Merchantmen.

I have received a letter from the secretary of the Marine Society saying that they no longer have agents licensed to ship Royal Fleet Reserve men in the merchant service. I make this fact public because several men have recently written to the Marine Society for the information they received in this column, but as the society has found that this work cannot be successfully run in connection with their other work, the men have certainly lost the help of a most useful agency which has done much good work in this direction. They will now have to push their own way to the shipping offices if they desire to take a trip in a merchant ship. And I would once again warn those who are prepared to work hard and conform to merchant service conditions as they will as first find them, that they had better not go a voyage and discredit all other naval men in the eyes of the merchant ship officers. If a man means business there is a career for him in the merchant navy of this country, and the highest berths are open to him. But if he thinks he can get a dirty ramp or liner and put on a frill he will soon find he has made a mistake.

## A Nimble Hero.

A paragraph in this column on "Chumship" couple of weeks back has brought me a letter from a correspondent, bearing evidence of a courageous and to which I gladly give publicity. It is about 1 a.m. on January 20th, according to my correspondent, broke out at the King's Head, Newington-sea-way, and every escape was cut off behind the innkeeper's back. A young able seaman of H.M.S. Thesus was peering the house on his way to rejoin his ship. There were seven people in the house, and some of them jumped on to the roof of the cab which was backed on to the pavement. Bert Somerset, the A.B. of the Thesus, seeing women's faces at the window, and knowing their terrible danger, climbed up a plank placed by the side of the house and swung himself inside the burning room. He then lowered all the occupants one by one, and coolly climbed down again and made his way off home to change his burnt clothes and attend to a scorched face. Chumship. When asked where he had been he told his father he had been "clapping a warm" and got along with his preparation to rejoin his ship. I do not know if anyone thought it worth while to bring this conduct of his before the proper authorities, but if the above narrative is a correct picture of what happened—and then I think some notice should have been taken by those on the spot with a view of getting a plucky man some well-merited recognition of a place of quiet bravery.

## Imperial Maritime League.

Arising out of the split between the members of Navy League there has sprung into existence a newly-formed "Imperial Maritime League," with Messrs. Wylde and Horton-Smith as its leading lights. It has taken the merchant service as well as the Navy under its wing, and it is sincerely to be hoped that it will succeed in drawing a little more public attention to the long-neglected service. The second only in importance to the fighting fleet which protects and makes the existence of our large and flourishing mercantile marine possible. There is a note of room for a "League" to engage itself entirely with the affairs of our carrying trade on the sea and to arouse public opinion to its proper importance. When this is done the merchant sailor will probably receive improvements in his pay and position that are a long way overdue. The Merchant Shipping Bill of last year did something to help remove the many grievances which he has long suffered in silence, and better food and better clothing has been the result, although these things are even now anything but ideal. The fact that they are now included in the Workmen's Compensation Act is likewise

## THE BARRACK-ROOM.

## On the Frontier.

When a whistler goes through India's barracks-rooms that there is a little trouble brewing with some of the tribes on the frontier the battalions chosen for the punitive work experience the real joy of living, for almost without exception these tribesmen prove tough enemies, armed as they are with first-class weapons, past masters in the art of guerrilla warfare, well disciplined, courageous, and a real headache for the troops employed against them, but when Atkins has the fighting spirit hitting him hard he takes small count of this, though as we have had occasion to know some of these frontier campaigns develop amazingly when once the spark of combat has been fired. Fortunately the Zakkas Khels, against whom an expedition has started this week, are wholly untrained in the use of the rifle, and their only weapon is the long-handled knife, so it is unlikely that the Khels will find allies.

## The Man Who Will Lead.

Gen. Sir James Willcocks, who commands the expedition, is a man of many years' service in India, and this will be his eleventh campaign. His father was a soldier before him, who took a prominent part in the Indian Mutiny and was one of those who stormed the Cashmere Gate. Sir James has fought in the Sudan, in Burma, Manipal, and elsewhere. Apart from his soldierly qualities he is celebrated throughout India as a sportsman who has fished a queen in a dory, and has killed a quail story of one of his escapes. He was hunting big game on an elephant at full charge, chasing through the undergrowth and threatening every moment to kill those in the bowditch when he came in contact with the branches overhead. Eventually the elephant ran into a nest of wild bees, and in a moment both elephant and Sir James were covered with the infuriated insects. The cause of this discovery was to be found in the saddle bag which was blowing, he having accidentally dropped his cigar end upon it. He therefore took his water bottle and poured it upon the elephant's wounds, which had the effect of bringing it to a standstill. But for this he must have been dashed to pieces ere long, since he was well-nigh blind with the stings he had received, which resulted in his going into hospital.

## Army v. Civilian Bandsmen.

The discussion which was opened in this column a fortnight ago by a letter from a civilian bandsman who protested against Army bandsmen coming into competition with himself and his fellow musicians has grown apace, for during the past week a number of letters from both parties reached me on the subject, and several have asked me to express my opinion in the matter. Well, frankly I must say that I throw in my lot with the Army bandsmen, not because I am prejudiced, but because I am convinced that the civilian musician has by far the better chance of picking the plums in the musical pie. Let us survey for a moment the position of a bandsman, say in the Guards, a man living out of barracks, and he has in his pocket a few shillings, light and lodging, making the grand total of 14s. per week. He has to do nothing where he can. He is not allowed to wear the clothes provided for him except for duty. He is expected to look respectable when in plain clothes, which he has to provide himself, and to be available for duty at any time during the 24 hours, and must pay the cost of the telegram that calls him up. In addition, probably being a married man with a wife and family, he must also be the difficulty of making both ends meet, which must be experienced by all such, I have never yet met an Army bandsman who did so. I do not say that it is never done, but if it is then the minority is very small. But if it is then the ranks of the bandsmen fulfilling engagements at theatres and music-halls you will find scores who, during the daytime, are employed in private and public houses, earning their two pounds and fifty shillings a week, and often more, yet who make good money as musicians during the evening. These are the gentry who should be reminded that they are gathering their arms from other people's fields before the bandman is attacked. "I am always glad to see an Army musician get a civil job. He deserves it, every penny he makes out of it."

## Coming Innovations.

Chatter is rife in the barracks-room concerning the novelties which we are promised. New bayonets, new bullet, new kit, new everything except British bull-dog pluck, which has always been considered good enough to go on with. War is a matter of life and death, and it is the opinion of a certain new head-dress introduced somewhere in the middle of last century. "D—d ugly," he replied, but so long as it's the same man underneath you may dress 'em up as baroque and I'll lead 'em. He cared little for dress did this incident, and little for the man married in his hand so long as it was enough to kill with. But things have changed since those days, and the art of war has been brought to such a straining point that every little detail that marks improvement is of importance to a military nation. The new bullet which is shortly to be introduced throughout the Army has the decided advantage of allowing of accurate point-blank shooting at 800 yards; it is sharp-nosed and made of an alloy which reduces the wear and tear of the barrel. The target which has been made, and which will be completed about the end of next month, will, it is expected, result in the missile being adopted immediately. The new bayonet is a matter of more recent importance. It has been argued over and over again that the present weapon places the soldier on a distinct disadvantage with the troops of other nations because it is several inches shorter than that used in the principal Continental armies. The new

## Where We Are Behind.

Willist on the subject of reforms I may mention how gratifying it is to service men to find an individual military journal like "The Broad Arrow" passing away to get a field cooking cart introduced into the Army for the use of the men. It is a pity that it is not more widely distributed, and I do not think any effort is being made to find a suitable model. Certainly a cart was tested on one occasion during the last training season, and it was found that it was not so good as a go-cart, for at the end of the day, or during a halt in the operations, hot soup is of incalculable value to fatigued troops, and in action would be of considerable value to the driver and the cook. From it hot soup, food, or coffee could be supplied to the troops at any moment. Now, any man who has put in a national day's manœuvre would find a cart like this a go-cart, for at the end of the day, or during a halt in the operations, hot soup is of incalculable value to fatigued troops, and in action would be of considerable value to the driver and the cook. From it hot soup, food, or coffee could be supplied to the troops at any moment. Now, any man who has put in a national day's manœuvre would find a cart like this a go-cart, for at the end of the day, or during a halt in the operations, hot soup is of incalculable value to fatigued troops, and in action would be of considerable value to the driver and the cook. From it hot soup, food, or coffee could be supplied to the troops at any moment. 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# INDOOR GAMES AND PASTIMES.

## NOTES, PROBLEMS, & PUZZLES.

BY OUR OWN SPECIALISTS.

### CARDS.

[By E. B. TURNER.]

#### CRIBbage.

The solution of the problem sent by Mr. Westlake is as follows:—The hand was A, K, Q, J, 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, A, K, Q, J, 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2. The deal was as follows:—

1st round: 2, 2, 2, 2, 2 (12).  
2nd round: 4, 4, 4, 4, 4 (16).  
3rd round: 6, 6, 6, 6, 6 (24).  
4th round: 8, 8, 8, 8, 8 (32).  
5th round: 10, 10, 10, 10, 10 (40).  
6th round: 12, 12, 12, 12, 12 (48).  
7th round: 14, 14, 14, 14, 14 (56).  
8th round: 16, 16, 16, 16, 16 (64).  
9th round: 18, 18, 18, 18, 18 (72).  
10th round: 20, 20, 20, 20, 20 (80).  
11th round: 22, 22, 22, 22, 22 (88).  
12th round: 24, 24, 24, 24, 24 (96).  
13th round: 26, 26, 26, 26, 26 (104).  
14th round: 28, 28, 28, 28, 28 (112).  
15th round: 30, 30, 30, 30, 30 (120).  
16th round: 32, 32, 32, 32, 32 (128).  
17th round: 34, 34, 34, 34, 34 (136).  
18th round: 36, 36, 36, 36, 36 (144).  
19th round: 38, 38, 38, 38, 38 (152).  
20th round: 40, 40, 40, 40, 40 (160).  
21st round: 42, 42, 42, 42, 42 (168).  
22nd round: 44, 44, 44, 44, 44 (176).  
23rd round: 46, 46, 46, 46, 46 (184).  
24th round: 48, 48, 48, 48, 48 (192).  
25th round: 50, 50, 50, 50, 50 (200).  
26th round: 52, 52, 52, 52, 52 (208).  
27th round: 54, 54, 54, 54, 54 (216).  
28th round: 56, 56, 56, 56, 56 (224).  
29th round: 58, 58, 58, 58, 58 (232).  
30th round: 60, 60, 60, 60, 60 (240).  
31st round: 62, 62, 62, 62, 62 (248).  
32nd round: 64, 64, 64, 64, 64 (256).  
33rd round: 66, 66, 66, 66, 66 (264).  
34th round: 68, 68, 68, 68, 68 (272).  
35th round: 70, 70, 70, 70, 70 (280).  
36th round: 72, 72, 72, 72, 72 (288).  
37th round: 74, 74, 74, 74, 74 (296).  
38th round: 76, 76, 76, 76, 76 (304).  
39th round: 78, 78, 78, 78, 78 (312).  
40th round: 80, 80, 80, 80, 80 (320).  
41st round: 82, 82, 82, 82, 82 (328).  
42nd round: 84, 84, 84, 84, 84 (336).  
43rd round: 86, 86, 86, 86, 86 (344).  
44th round: 88, 88, 88, 88, 88 (352).  
45th round: 90, 90, 90, 90, 90 (360).  
46th round: 92, 92, 92, 92, 92 (368).  
47th round: 94, 94, 94, 94, 94 (376).  
48th round: 96, 96, 96, 96, 96 (384).  
49th round: 98, 98, 98, 98, 98 (392).  
50th round: 100, 100, 100, 100, 100 (400).  
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53rd round: 106, 106, 106, 106, 106 (424).  
54th round: 108, 108, 108, 108, 108 (432).  
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56th round: 112, 112, 112, 112, 112 (448).  
57th round: 114, 114, 114, 114, 114 (456).  
58th round: 116, 116, 116, 116, 116 (464).  
59th round: 118, 118, 118, 118, 118 (472).  
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64th round: 128, 128, 128, 128, 128 (512).  
65th round: 130, 130, 130, 130, 130 (520).  
66th round: 132, 132, 132, 132, 132 (528).  
67th round: 134, 134, 134, 134, 134 (536).  
68th round: 136, 136, 136, 136, 136 (544).  
69th round: 138, 138, 138, 138, 138 (552).  
70th round: 140, 140, 140, 140, 140 (560).  
71st round: 142, 142, 142, 142, 142 (568).  
72nd round: 144, 144, 144, 144, 144 (576).  
73rd round: 146, 146, 146, 146, 146 (584).  
74th round: 148, 148, 148, 148, 148 (592).  
75th round: 150, 150, 150, 150, 150 (600).  
76th round: 152, 152, 152, 152, 152 (608).  
77th round: 154, 154, 154, 154, 154 (616).  
78th round: 156, 156, 156, 156, 156 (624).  
79th round: 158, 158, 158, 158, 158 (632).  
80th round: 160, 160, 160, 160, 160 (640).  
81st round: 162, 162, 162, 162, 162 (648).  
82nd round: 164, 164, 164, 164, 164 (656).  
83rd round: 166, 166, 166, 166, 166 (664).  
84th round: 168, 168, 168, 168, 168 (672).  
85th round: 170, 170, 170, 170, 170 (680).  
86th round: 172, 172, 172, 172, 172 (688).  
87th round: 174, 174, 174, 174, 174 (696).  
88th round: 176, 176, 176, 176, 176 (704).  
89th round: 178, 178, 178, 178, 178 (712).  
90th round: 180, 180, 180, 180, 180 (720).  
91st round: 182, 182, 182, 182, 182 (728).  
92nd round: 184, 184, 184, 184, 184 (736).  
93rd round: 186, 186, 186, 186, 186 (744).  
94th round: 188, 188, 188, 188, 188 (752).  
95th round: 190, 190, 190, 190, 190 (760).  
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98th round: 196, 196, 196, 196, 196 (784).  
99th round: 198, 198, 198, 198, 198 (792).  
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105th round: 210, 210, 210, 210, 210 (840).  
106th round: 212, 212, 212, 212, 212 (848).  
107th round: 214, 214, 214, 214, 214 (856).  
108th round: 216, 216, 216, 216, 216 (864).  
109th round: 218, 218, 218, 218, 218 (872).  
110th round: 220, 220, 220, 220, 220 (880).  
111th round: 222, 222, 222, 222, 222 (888).  
112th round: 224, 224, 224, 224, 224 (896).  
113th round: 226, 226, 226, 226, 226 (904).  
114th round: 228, 228, 228, 228, 228 (912).  
115th round: 230, 230, 230, 230, 230 (920).  
116th round: 232, 232, 232, 232, 232 (928).  
117th round: 234, 234, 234, 234, 234 (936).  
118th round: 236, 236, 236, 236, 236 (944).  
119th round: 238, 238, 238, 238, 238 (952).  
120th round: 240, 240, 240, 240, 240 (960).  
121st round: 242, 242, 242, 242, 242 (968).  
122nd round: 244, 244, 244, 244, 244 (976).  
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124th round: 248, 248, 248, 248, 248 (992).  
125th round: 250, 250, 250, 250, 250 (1000).  
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171st round: 342, 342, 342, 342, 342 (1368).  
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173rd round: 346, 346, 346, 346, 346 (1384).  
174th round: 348, 348, 348, 348, 348 (1392).  
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187th round: 374, 374, 374, 374, 374 (1496).  
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190th round: 380, 380, 380, 380, 380 (1520).  
191st round: 382, 382, 382, 382, 382 (1528).  
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196th round: 392, 392, 392, 392, 392 (1568).  
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202nd round: 404, 404, 404, 404, 404 (1616).  
203rd round: 406, 406, 406, 406, 406 (1624).  
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217th round: 434, 434, 434, 434, 434 (1736).  
218th round: 436, 436, 436, 436, 436 (1744).  
219th round: 438, 438, 438, 438, 438 (1752).  
220th round: 440, 440, 440, 440, 440 (1760).  
221st round: 442, 442, 442, 442, 442 (1768).  
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229th round: 458, 458, 458, 458, 458 (1832).  
230th round: 460, 460, 460, 460, 460 (1840).  
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233rd round: 466, 466, 466, 466, 466 (1864).  
234th round: 468, 468, 468, 468, 468 (1872).  
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269th round: 538, 538, 538, 538, 538 (2152).  
270th round: 540, 540, 540, 540, 540 (2160).  
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275th round: 550, 550, 550, 550, 550 (2200).  
276th round: 552, 552, 552, 552, 552 (2208).  
277th round: 554, 554, 554, 554, 554 (2216).  
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280th round: 560, 560, 560, 560, 560 (2240).  
281st round: 562, 562, 562, 562, 562 (2248).  
282nd round: 564, 564, 564, 564, 564 (2256).  
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284th round: 568, 568, 568, 568, 568 (2272).  
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287th round: 574, 574, 574, 574, 574 (2296).  
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289th round: 578, 578, 578, 578, 578 (2312).  
290th round: 580, 580, 580, 580, 580 (2320).  
291st round: 582, 582, 582, 582, 582 (2328).  
292nd round: 584, 584, 584, 584, 584 (2336).  
293rd round: 586, 586, 586, 586, 586 (2344).  
294th round: 588, 588, 588, 588, 588 (2352).  
295th round: 590, 590, 590, 590, 590 (2360).  
296th round: 592, 592, 592, 592, 592 (2368).  
297th round: 594, 594, 594, 594, 594 (2376).  
298th round: 596, 596, 596, 596, 596 (2384).  
299th round: 598, 598, 598, 598, 598 (2392).  
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306th round: 612, 612, 612, 612, 612 (2448).  
307th round: 614, 614, 614, 614, 614 (2456).  
308th round: 616, 616, 616, 616, 616 (2464).  
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310th round: 620, 620, 620, 620, 620 (2480).  
311st round: 622, 622, 622, 622, 622 (2488).  
312nd round: 624, 624, 624, 624, 624 (2496).  
313th round: 626, 626, 626, 626, 626 (2504).  
314th round: 628, 628, 628, 628, 628 (2512).  
315th round: 630, 630, 630, 630, 630 (2520).  
316th round: 632, 632, 632, 632, 632 (2528).  
317th round: 634, 634, 634, 634, 634 (2536).  
318th round: 636, 636, 636, 636, 636 (2544).  
319th round: 638



(W. LOTINGA).

[Notes on the Week's Racing with Job  
Hings and Analysis of important pending  
Races appear in full together with  
Selections for each day, in our Friday  
and Saturday Editions. The whole is  
condensed into the briefest possible  
space in our Sunday issue, which  
mainly deals with Saturday's Racing  
and Selections for the early part of the  
ensuing week. The earlier editions  
should be ordered through a News-  
agent, or at the Railway Bookstalls.]

Ever providing interest, Friday had quite a nice crowd, plenty of favorites popping up, and a bit of a sensation in the defeat of the favorite, Fortune. The defeat of the favorite, Fortune, was even more surprising than the defeat of second, although the scale of the weights was against him, he was a little better than last year's 12lb. 0. Little "Red" Longford had no earthly right to beat Capt. Paynter, a costly purchase. Mount Prospect a very nice chap. Mount Prospect's whole thing was wrong. It is false as we invariably know certain races to be, the layers of the odds have always got to be wrong. Mount Prospect, if with bad grace. Not going to Manchester Baron Crawford for—and was now just beaten in the Rubic in the next day's two miles for which he had brought two miles for enough for the winner.

[illegible]

One friend at court is worth one hundred in the crowd.

There is now the usual cry of a "Jockey King" in the audience.

"Lobby" Ayling, the jockey, is—since his marriage—a Regent's Park resident.

In France now they are beginning to utilise motor horse-boxes for travelling competitors to and from meetings.

Sport in the future may be much up-hill.

Mr. R. W. Cox, for whom East always "trained a few" to carry his colours.

Even with its many meetings Birmingham, of course, does not desire to pay more than 3 per cent. dividend.

The executive generally claims 18 days' racing each year at each of the four courses.

The present in the case, which the popular fielder, Harry Goodson, brought against an erstwhile client named Baker fairly compels the latter to regard what he is doing as betting time.

It is unquestionably the fact that it is much more pleasant to win a cash bet and bring it away with you than to receive the proceeds in shares.

to receive the proceeds Monday.

The owner of a runaway horse that has got rid of its rocky legs is a great deal more satisfied with the great doubt as to what is going to happen to his careering valuable property.

A Clarence Haller's 1936 edition of *Photos and Stories of the Thoroughbred* contains pictures and text which enhances the already great reputation of the famous Newmarket photographer. Into whose hands apparently will all the "commandry for writings of race-horse owners of practically everybody associated with the turf."

The Chertion Belle objection at Leicester this week was raised. Evidently the writer has ideas pertaining to a horse's ability to do practically anything he likes, providing that he and the animal with whom it is alleged to interfere, have not in the meantime been having a row over Brocks, who has been winning a few races this winter with Hallgate, is a very "hard riding" man in the Leicestershire country.

It is not probable that a horse who has won on the turf, would make every recompense at the stud if they were given a chance, but they never get it, for everybody goes for top performances or for fashionable blood.

A somewhat unusual event is that a race meeting, that at Woodbridge, has been postponed for a year in consequence of the illness of certain of its chief supporters.

Monday and Tuesday racing is "no good whatever to them," say all the suburban park residents. The Woodbridge meeting on a Monday, but it is the Saturday afternoon fixture that yields the dividend.

Aprons of Mr. Lynnwood Palmer's reputation as a pursuer of Bachelor's Button, to which I alluded recently, it has just been hung at the Carlton Galleries. Pall Mall place. It is not of very large dimensions, being only a couple of feet square, and is a canvas, and probably prints will be published in the near future.

Many moderate horsemen picking up a few small races just now, wholly because owners of others engaged argue "what is the good of winning such a stake with a useful horse?" Thus many of the old school are turning to the more valuable prices, which

They cannot all win, and in most cases the substance and shadow business applies.

There are not many owners who express such a straightforward opinion (and mean it) as does Mr. A. Steal in regard to his being quite satisfied to lose in the future, able to oppose his own and still be pleased as long as somebody gets the plum.

The Cottenham meeting was quite a big success, and every event excepting Open Plate fell to owner-ridden horses. The Open race was won by Blotcoe with Toughy, Pickering, the trainer, with ran 985 in 14.

The idea that I mooted last week in regard to amateurs being granted an additional allowance was incorporated into the programme of the committee at this meeting, when past or present members of the University were allowed 50c. This race—the open event—attracted very few entries, and the prize money, although only £25 each, in value there were 24 nominations, including regular performers just now, in Jacksonville, Jacksonville Lane, Philadelphia and Turpin, who are all well known to our readers. Owners and trainers experience in France is that all their horses are a two pace—Maison Laffite, mainly for the reason that he has no other kind of racers only. In addition all the meet-ings, excepting, of course, Nice, are within 20 miles of Paris.

There is a great deal of talk about no interest in the Press—or much belief in what it reads in the papers. Yet how often we have horses suggestive of an owner's wealth and his prizing them. Publicity, I think, Publicists, and so-called fame. The secret really is that they are all by proclamation, hence none what apud named.

A number of horses does vary. At Kempton there was no bid for Crispigate, when he won at Sandown six days later he made 190gns. It was a fine horse, and he was sold for 11g., who only brought 83gns. after winning at Gatwick in comparison to 500gns. at the previous auction, which is very nearly a record for a yearling colt.

The little horse despite being tubed plays wondrously and can always be relied on to pick up a selling anywhere. Most people will imagine that an owner can "bet" on him.

Very premature indeed was the death of Sir Culbert Stade, a fine rider at a time when there were a few soldier jockeys who could hold their own against Arthur Nightingall and others of the old school of military riders. His green and white coat were deservedly popular colours, for following them in jumping races it meant having a small good chance of success.

Next month's military meet-ing will evidence the need of men and real jockeys like the deceased sports-

The late Maj. Dalbaird actually won a race with a steeplechaser after the horse had been shot in the quarter during the Egyptian War. He himself was severely wounded, but having attended to his wounds, he was told by a doctor who informed him he could not live a quarter of an hour, and therefore asked for his last wish. The prompt reply was: "I'll bet you a thousand pounds that a British soldier lived to gain his gruesome wage, and to ride many a winner subsequently."

The aims and objects of the National Anti-Gambling League, which was founded eight years ago, are to offer a strenuous and unopposing opposition to every form of betting and gambling, and to diffuse among the public a knowledge of the harmful information on the subject. The main information in particular is "good" that is subject to their own view. They provide information on all subjects which they know nothing of the subjects beyond what they take up in misleading newspaper reports.

Messrs. Berezford and Smith, the popular London book-makers, are a well-known, efficient, reliable, themselves, and further illustrative of how large-hearted racegoers are. Their scheme is to make a £50,000 collection for "The National Anti-Gambling League," with which they are making great progress, for who intends a stipend or for such a splendid cause? And they see the facilities for a bookmaker to win a £100,000 bet, and then to win a winning bet for a ticket. After that have just "pulled it off" not one in a million would refuse.

A splendid all-around sportsman of the type that is fast disappearing from the world, therefore not generally known as a horse or part-owner of several race winners—particularly Wargrave, who has been famous for his racing since 1908—the Most Popular Czeasewitch of the day ever achieved. His sudden death this week is a loss to the Turk and the world. He was a man of great character and could help liking Bob Frowick's. Right up to the time of his death the fellow was associating in the sports world with the finest horse men, and it is probable which he was so very universally respected.

None are easier prey in the underworld than the very young sportsman, and therefore, on behalf of the entire community, our congratulations are due Mr. Billy Joel for his pluck in facing the most determined and the most fearless prosecution of a man who brazenly endeavored for years heavily blackmail the popular owner and trainer of the most famous horse taught to those who consider that to cause a man is wealthy, prominent, largehearted sportsman, or more particularly a horse owner, to be attacked with impunity. It would indeed even greater freedom and general

Among many true patriots and patriotic sportsmen, it is not surprising that Mr. Jones's recent action must enhance esteem in which he is held. There are few finer sportsmen on the British Islands, and it is not surprising that he is hoped that the pretty green and red stripes will be carried prominently and successfully by some of the best training in the country.

It is not time in the usual "rush" Saturday's racing to comment adequately upon the new regulations of the Jockey Club, relative to bookmaking, but it is true that the Club has agreed, and I hope is only the thinning of the wedge towards further reasonable regulation of the positions of those concerned. Mr. Jones's action is a landmark. Handson insisted upon the holders of a licence only certain places marked by a chalk line. This left a free pass between them and the public, but it was not so easy to enter, as the matter was not anything like adequately carried out as yet, for, as I have previously argued, this crowding together of the business of the bookmaker's shop and the business of the man from becoming a client if he gives reasonable facilities and not expects to put up with a man who is a possible Primrose to go for a pencil. Particularly it is of no use dealing with one or two particular men, who are usually regarded as the few of whom one may be afraid, but the majority standing with their eyes, ears, and frequently mouths open, how often, as a fact, do we hear it said, "I don't care to bet, but I don't like to have a bet, but it is not worth the trouble of going down into, and getting out of, the squash. It was a time, and through the conglomeration, and through the conglomerate strong, while if one does get into the midst of that little knot hanging from the top corner of the rails (invariably the worst of the race), it is a terrible migratory (it becomes a "business" to get one's self out again after being pushed, jumped and trodden on, or having one's head and neck rubbed with the Rings are invariably large enough at Sandown Park, for instance, and we only see one-tenth of the enclosed just that, one-tenth of the enclosed, and the enclosure tenanted with the rest of the valuable space-yield-

every bit as equally good view and equally full of sun-drenched and wasted.

After a very full year's work, worry and expense I have, as hinted last week, practically "done" with the Birch Fund. Roughly the figures are that, through my inaugurating the subscription, I have raised £450,000 subscribed, or promised. Of this sum £500 was sent direct to Birch. I have spent about £400 in paying various expenses, such as doctors and nursing home, counter-ess in cash, and postage. Birch has sent me another £450,000 approximately - is still outstanding, so that I last week sent Birch a cheque for

£200, which is about the balance due to him; the odd moneys that I have not in hand are £100 and £100, and I think that nothing was lost to the poor sufferer. It is so a goodly and necessary service should still be a substitution of only approximately 20 per cent. of the £200 and £300 in old hand and £350 the donation of Mr. J. D. Colin and his friends—another item. But Mr. Colin has spent more than his share of his money in the cause and is further allowing the Jeckery All a week. It becomes a question whether he should also be included in the promise to contribute. Thus, the £100 and £100 is balanced unsubscribed and nine tenths of this is perfectly good—two and a half being promised by leading members. I have no more to say on the present-time "slackers" in parting are quite tip-top men and include several tried folk—who are usually the most difficult to get to do anything. As for Birch's sake I shall still endeavour to get these amounts in and hand them over as received, but otherwise I am not prepared to do so. I am sure that for it has been incessant work and in many senses a dissatisfaction. All those who essay these practices in making good are in a very different and an enviable position, and I have had pretty fair dose for years now in immediately being called upon in any case of distress, and I have seen many or other who have been injured. I have vowed to be done with it prior to the Birch case, but like a good, easy "foot" I have got again and am doing so. Consequently, with work which would not again undertake if offered £10,000 the end of it—or if it were for my own brother, if I had one—Eucharistic thankings to the "Bird" and "ends" may be charity—excepting, of course, that I shall continue the annual cricket match each July in aid of various hospital funds. I have not time to say more, I written me without expressing themselves grateful for what I have done. I do not doubt there are other contributors, but I am sure that the counter-balancing the appreciation of those for whom the work is undertaken in this sense stands up as a tribute to the "Bird" and "ends" and is not, as I have said, to be pronounced, insulted, to become an excuse.

of jealousy, and to experience various phases of human nature which a student of psychology might find interesting. It has been done. It is now the past and amply rewarded by the result of my own conscience, whatever other constructions others have put on it. I am not a "willing donkey" and others—if they can be found—are the "willing donkeys."

There were gratifying Royal success at this week's Reg. Show.

At a general meeting, they no term Burns the "Palmer."

The "dodge" at courting is to tell the odds the first day of a meeting at a dance.

Atlester—remember, the southern Counties Cross Country Competition, at Wembley Park next Saturday.

The Press Club Underhill will be the subject of a Criticism on Saturday night.

T. H. D. Is really irrepressible—latest being "Boys' Dally." Some of the boys are sure that the paper is not.

Don't fail to turn up for the Varsity football competition at the Drill Hall, Davy St. W. next Wednesday evening. To sport and think of it, you can't miss it. It's the only game in town. (N.B. Those who don't congregate with Blackie's Diamond scullers.)

All Putneyse have almost forgotten known the "Green family" for years. They were a very good family. They have been a pretty numerous but deplored by the death this week—"Bo rem." Like boxer, professional salarman generally have nicknames. The "Bo rem" of the deceased are known as "Mo" and "Nibo."

Congratulations to Mr. R. J. C. on

president of the Veraval for this week, is a young man, 22 years of age, the ce-  
lebration of the 100th anniversary of the  
club. The Veraval is a very old club, and  
the celebration of the 100th anniversary  
of the club is a very important event.  
The Veraval is a very old club, and the  
celebration of the 100th anniversary of  
the club is a very important event.

Thanks to Pelleng's energy, Harry Jewell's promotion "bought more time" for the contest. The I. B. Robinson concert at the Criterion Monday night was a huge success, so each anniversary has been a success. Jewell's promotion was not so much something on the social side for members who are not actually athletes. The talent was top-notch, and source on a high class track and he allowed to do nothing more, seeing that the attendance was quite one feminine, time to laugh over Tom (Clay) Rawlins from Ardler. Originally he was put in to worry about the race, but I jolly soon—and jolly ready retired in favor of Jewell, who knew these ropes, and who practically ran the whole show. He was a member of the Concert Committee, "Jimmy" Meier, helped a bit, while Miller, usual, was prompt and immediate, and he was ready to take up anything unusual, for an hour. So to give the good notice is about all I can do reparation. But if the I. A. C. would send me a letter, I would be glad to reply. My letters meant something and a dance, how one could work and get a success also. One of these days I will be writing you, and you will get married the better off for their way and pull things together.

**WEIR SELLING STEEPLECHASE.**  
Mr. Gibson's Renzo, a 120 yd Morgan 1  
Mr. Mastigan's Genuine, a 120 yd " 2  
Mr. Craig's Petropavlovsk, a 117 yd " 3  
Winner trained by Owner  
Also ran: Cynique (Friedl), Orrington  
Mr. W. Ballew's Crafty II, a 100 yd Rollas  
Hitting 120 yd, 4-8 yd Genuine, 7 yd  
Hemlock, 9 to 2 agst Petropavlovsk, 7 to 1  
each agst Orrington and Cynique, and  
7 to 1 agst Crafty II. Won by 1 1/2 lengths,  
6 2nd and 3rd

**GRANGE HANDICAP STEEPLECHASE.**

Mr. Bibby's Sweet Cecil, 1115  
F. Mason 1  
Mr. Stearns' Sparky, 1118  
W. M. Baker 2  
Mr. Herwick's Lady Mollie, 1119  
J. H. Brink 2

Winner trained by Donnelly.  
Also ran: Clear Cash 1st, 1117; B. J. B. 2nd; Evening Star 3rd; Strikable Mr. 7 to 4; 8 agst Sweet Cecil, and 10 to 1 agst any other. Won by 4 lengths, a bad third.

**FEBRUARY MAIDEN HURDLE RACE.**  
Capt Wood's Dorothy, 1117 F. Mason 1  
Mr. Ingle's Loochie, 1117 H. Aylin 2  
Lord Athol's Lady Landlady, 1115  
F. G. G. G. 3

Winner trained by F. Hartigan.  
Also ran: Teworth (W. Williamson) 1st; Prince of Wales 2nd; Betting 15 to 1; Mrs. B. 3rd; 10 to 1 agst Dorothy, and 10 to 1 agst Lady Landlady and Loochie, and 100 to 8 agst Teworth. Won by 3 lengths, a bad third.

**NOVICES' HURDLE RACE.**  
Prince Hatfield's Venetian, 51010  
F. H. Morgan 1  
Mr. Barnett's Master at Arms, 51015  
W. Bissell 2

Mr. Wood's Orchid, 4100 P. Cowley 3  
Winner trained by A. Hastings.  
Also ran: Teworth Hill (J. O'Brien) 1st; Goldwyn (Tratton). Betting: 9 to 4 agst Garrow Hill, 5 to 2 agst Venetian, 4 to 1 agst Master at Arms, 9 to 2 agst Goldwyn, and 6 to 1 agst Orchid. Won by 10 to 1, 2nd and 3rd.

**HURST HANDICAP STEEPLECHASE.**  
Mr. Bonas's Brigand, 5105 G. Clancy 1  
Mr. Bewick's Blunderbuss, 5115  
J. O'Brien 2  
Mr. Anderson's Healthy Boy, 61010  
J. O'Brien 3

Winner trained by Gore.  
Also ran: Prophet III (F. Lyall) 1st; Betting: 7 to 4 agst Blunderbuss, 15 to 1 agst Healthy Boy, 9 to 4 agst Brigand, and 55 to 1 agst Prophet III. Won by 13 lengths, 4 2nd and 3rd.

**OFFICIAL SCRATCHINGS.**  
Stayers' Handicap Steeplechase, Birmingham—Bushy Path, Young Buck, Warwick Handicap Steeplechase, Warwick—Noble Lady.

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**"THE MONDAY MIDGET."**

**TUP** The Editor of last week's LINCOLN  
 MANHATTAN ANALYSIS is served on Monday  
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[illegible]

English equivalents of kiloms and metres, and also the colours of the most prominent French owners. The little book is embellished with some capital illustrations of the different departments of Mr. Giant's domain, which one of the biggest business of its kind in the world is conducted.

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## CYCLING.

**The First Ride.**  
The fine weather of Saturday and Sunday last brought cyclists out literally in their thousands, and the rider who kept his machine ready for any opportunity of testing a spin reaped the reward of his forethought. The ride was an ideal day. I saw on the western roads, men, women and children enjoying themselves of the first of spring days of the year. The position in the afternoon a good many who looked as if they had had quite enough of it, and those who lived in London and the suburbs, and who had not been out, but be forgotten that the first ride of the year, unless you have been continually riding, generally finds you more fit for a condition, and it should be a circular ride, and it should overtake you it is possible to make a direct and short line for home. There is nothing so demoralizing as to have to "plug" one's way for a long distance, possibly against a head wind, when you are dead tired, yet it is a thing that happens. You are themselves called upon to do it. If the weather continues the opportunity should be taken to get into some kind of form for Easter Sunday, unless your evening will do wonders for you. The weather does a good deal towards this end, and

### A Quaint Notice.

Hitting through a small village in the Flannce Valley last week I observed a rather peculiar notice outside a coffee tavern. It was to the effect that "gentlemen and cyclists" were catered for. The notice seemed curious, and as, if cyclists were not gentlemen, these gentlemen would hardly care to associate with them, and the notice was rather late, I thought it would be probably better, while the latter could not possibly prefer to travel on to a locality where such fine distinctions were not drawn.

### Turning Corners.

We are frequently hearing complaints of the danger of high hedges at corners, and several accidents have unquestionably resulted from this cause, but really the chief danger is not the hedge, but the less way in which most cyclists turn round from my observation, I should say that it was the exception, not the rule, when turning into a right or left-hand road to first ride right over the road he is proceeding along before turning. Nine out of ten either turn right round on the wrong side of the hedge, or turn left round on the wrong corner, which is almost invariably where the accident occurs. Turning down off tall hedges at corners is a very dangerous thing, and is likely to become general, and the best thing, therefore, is to insist into all riders the necessity of turning corner

**A Query.**

Can any reader advise me as to the best way to fill a gash or deep cut in the outer cover? I have been very unsuccessful in my efforts over a cut I had since last October. I have used two kinds of stopping, and they have both come out, and as I have heard them both will not work, I think I have used them wrongly. The cut is about 1½ inches long and goes to it.

canvase

**International Championships.** The Professional International Championships will this year be held at Berlin on July 30 and August 2, and amateur events at Leipzig on July 4. The 1969 meeting will, in all probability, be held in Denmark. **WEEKEND**

## MOTORING.

**The Cost of Motoring.**  
Quite an interesting little booklet I have published recently by the London and Paris Exchange Ltd., Motor Agents on the subject of the cost of running different types of motor cars, ranging from a 6 hp. to the 12 hp. to a 35 hp. Daimler, and a fully touching on the realistic expense of keeping a steam car.

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3 miles, the total cost amounting to 2  
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**"THE PEOPLE" MIXTURE.****PARAGRAPHS FROM ALL PARTS.**

In London 2,575 births and 1,623 deaths were registered last week.

The births were 78 below and the deaths 19 above the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the previous five years.

The annual death-rate from all causes, which had been 19.8, 18.9, and 17.2 per 1,000 in the preceding three weeks, was 17.7 last week.

The 1,623 deaths included 20 from measles, 15 from scarlet fever, 21 from diphtheria, 41 from whooping-cough, 1 from enteric fever, and 19 from diarrhoea.

Different forms of violence caused 11 deaths. Of these 71 deaths, 9 were cases of suicide, while the remaining 22 deaths were attributed to accident or negligence.

In Greater London 4,963 births and 3,138 deaths were registered. Allowing for increase of population, these numbers are 41 and 41 below the respective averages in the corresponding weeks of the previous five years.

The deaths registered last week in 76 great towns of England and Wales corresponded to an annual rate of 18.3 per 1,000 of their aggregate population, which is estimated at 16,214,262.

In the preceding three weeks the rates had been 20.0, 18.5, and 18.2.

A Court of Governors of the Mid Essex Hospital will be held in the Board Room on Feb. 27.

The King has granted permission to Sir R. Hart, Inspector-General of Chinese Imperial Maritime Customs, to accept and wear the Grand Cross of the Order of the Dragon of Annam, conferred on him by the President of the French Republic.

**MAD FATHER'S CRIME.**  
At Hertford Assizes Edwin Watson Dunn, 25, who poured spirit of solvents down the throat of his three-month-old son at Huddersfield, and took some of the liquid himself, was found guilty of murder, but insane.

**SAVINGS AS THANK-OFFERING.**  
An old man attended a meeting of the governors of Salisbury Infirmary and asked the president (Lord Radnor) to accept ten 45 notes as a thank-offering for benefits received at the hospital 30 years ago. He said that the 450 represented his life's savings.

**A RECTOR'S GIFTS.**  
The late Canon C. V. Green, who was for 22 years rector of Clapham, has bequeathed to the Clapham Free Public Library such of his books and prints as the Wandsworth Borough Council may select. The library numbers about 4,000 volumes.

Through seeking the phosphorus on matches a Liverpool boy, aged two years, has died from poisoning.

Ald. W. Walker, for over 30 years a member of Leeds City Council, has died in his 85th year.

Capt. Higon, a sea captain, who had just retired from service and gone to live at Portcharwell, died suddenly as he was getting out of a trap.

One of the tenders received by the L.C.C. for the construction of a new sewer at a cost of close upon £20,000 is worked out by the contractor to the old sum of £12d.

Rats are becoming such a pest in Devonshire that the agricultural committee of the county council have been invited to conduct experiments for their extermination.

Two small boys of Hull, who had been taken into custody, summoned the police to their cell and asked for a cigarette each to smoke after breakfast.

The London rate for the coming year has been fixed at 3s. 6d. in the £, a reduction of 1d. in the rate now in force, and of 2d. on that for the corresponding period of the last two years.

At the prize distribution at the Jewish Free School, Mr. L. B. Williams, the late headmaster, was presented with his portrait by Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, R.A., in recognition of his 55 years' service to the school.

**ATTACKED BY A CONVICT.**  
While working in the printers' department of Parkhurst Prison, a convict undergoing a life term of imprisonment made a murderous assault on a fellow-prisoner, against whom he had an old grievance, inflicting a wound in his face with a knife. The assault was immediately overpowered.

**AUSTRALIAN MAIL SERVICE.**  
Orders for five steamers for the new Australian mail service have been placed by the Orient Line. The orders have been distributed among The Fairfield Shipbuilding Co., of Glasgow; the London and Glasgow Co., of Glasgow; Messrs. John Brown & Co., of Clydebank; and Messrs. Workman, Clark, and Co., of Belfast.

**LONG SERVICE AWARDS FOR VETERANS.**  
The London Van Horse Parade Society will hold their fifth annual parade on Easter Monday in Regent's Park. This year, in addition to the usual premiums, long service awards will be given to drivers. Entry forms and all further particulars can be obtained from the secretary, 1, Bridge-place, Belgrave-road, S.W.

A woman who was admitted to the Essex Asylum in 1892 from the Tending Union has cost the ratepayers more than £1,000.

Mr. Vardon, a professor of physical culture of Castledown, Oxford-st., died suddenly at Piccadilly Circus tube station.

The law regarding Sunday rest was applied throughout Italy without incident. In some towns the event was celebrated by joyful demonstrations and torchlight processions.

Captured by a collie dog in East Lothian, a fine specimen of the bittern, a bird rarely seen in Scotland, has been caged, and when fully recovered from its encounter will be freed again.

Wanted a young man, aged 22, able to cook, scrub, paint, drive, and look after a pair of horses, clean a carriage, feed cattle, clean boots, windows, etc., and make himself generally useful. Runs an advertisement in a Durham paper.

In order to give work to the unemployed, Wandsworth Council propose to plant 500 new trees in the borough, while Kensington, Camberwell, Shoreditch, and Poplar have already made arrangements to plant 3,362.

No great have been the deprivations upon Government blotting-paper at the library of the Patent Office in Southampton Buildings that the officials have been compelled to take stern measures, and now every sheet bears an official stamp.

**ILFORD TOWER DOOMED.**  
The Registrar of the St. Albans Diocese has granted the vicar of St. Mary's, Ilford, a faculty to extend the church westwards by pulling down the church tower—the oldest landmark in the parish. The loss of the tower is deplored, but it is contended that the vicar's scheme is the only feasible one.

**THE LADYSMITH GARRISON.**  
The annual dinner of the officers of the Ladysmith Garrison will take place at the Prince's Restaurant, Piccadilly, on Feb. 28 next. Sir Geo. White will take the chair.

**WOMEN AS DRUNKARDS.**  
The Head Constable of Liverpool reports that almost every class in the community is becoming increasingly sober each year. Women, unfortunately, have not shown the same improvement as men, and in some districts the amount of intoxicants consumed by women is starting.

**"UNKNOWN" AS DETECTIVE.**  
Convinced that "only unknown men are serviceable in detecting crime," among organized bands of criminals, Police-Commissioner Bingham of New York is recommending the formation of a detective bureau branch, composed entirely of men who have not been in the police force.

Sir Gilbert Stale, fourth Baronet, of Marnock, Edinburgh, has died aged 45.

An annual festival week of the Salvation Army will be held this year from March 14 to 21.

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Thirty men engaged in a tug-of-war with an elephant at Oporto for 150. The men won.

The Duchess of Marlborough will open the International Society's Exhibition of Fair Women at the New Gallery at noon on Feb. 22.

A Guy's Hospital doctor stated at an inquest that there were no rats in Southwark. He supposed that people could not afford them, and, moreover, they were careless about such things.

The Very Rev. M. Howlett, D.D., Administrator of Westminster Cathedral, has been appointed to the canonry in the Metropolitan Chapter, left vacant by the death of Canon Delaney.

The medal presented by the Glasgow Humane Society to the famous heroine Grace Darling for her rescue of nine of the crew of the ship Forfar, which in 1838 is to be sold by auction in London very shortly.

A sad impression was caused at Dover by the death within 24 hours of Mr. Thos. Lewis, J.P., clerk of the peace, and his daughter. Mr. Lewis was probably the oldest solicitor in East Kent.

The Rev. W. W. Bird, Vicar of Gawcott, Buckingham, has received from the Colonial Office notification of the death of his son, Mr. R. W. Bird, District Commissioner at Sapele, Nigeria.

The French Chamber unanimously passed the Bill permitting the public services in France to take part in the Anglo-French Exhibition in London, and permitting the inclusion in the Budget of 1908 of a Supplementary Estimate to cover the necessary expenditure.

The L.C.C. agreed this week, without discussion, to a capital expenditure of £4,910 for the reconstruction of the Brickton-road, to Camberwell Green tramways, which formerly belonged to the London Southern Tramways Co. The overhead system of electric traction will be adopted.

**THE L.C.C. STEAMBOATS.**  
The consideration of the late of the L.C.C. Finance Committee has been postponed in order that the Finance Committee may report on the financial side of the question.

**FAITHFUL DOG'S VIGIL.**  
It was stated at the inquest on Wm. Owen, of Westhoughton, Lancashire, who was found drowned in a pond, that his dog, after having tried to rescue his master, had remained on the banks of the pond all night. It refused to leave the spot until coaxed away by members of the family.

**PEEPING DICK'S FATE.**

At a Leeds inquest on Rhd. Fawcett, a platelayer, it was stated that deceased was leaning out of a train watching some people in the next compartment when, in passing through a tunnel, he was struck on the head and his skull was fractured. A verdict of accidental death was returned.

Mr. R. P. Arnold, the last survivor of the late Matthew Arnold, died at Bath, aged 85.

Reading's birth-rate for the past fortnight was 3,974 per 1,000, as against 17.4 at Clapham.

A device has been issued prohibiting the import of cattle into Argentina from any part of Scotland whatsoever.

The Primitive Methodists, who have spent £5,000,000 in building and carrying on churches, are now building, it is said, at the rate of one a week.

The Special Board for Divinity at Cambridge has appointed Dr. Diggle, Bishop of Carlisle, to be Lecturer in Pastoral Theology for the academic year 1908-9.

Capt. Morrison Bell, the new member for Mid-Devon who has broken down through overwork, has been ordered abroad by his doctors, and will shortly proceed to South Africa with his wife.

The total collected for the Veterans' Relief Fund, formed to rescue Crimea and Indian Mutiny veterans from the workhouse, now exceeds £20,000, including amounts reported from local funds.

Good progress is being made with the Katanga railway, in Portuguese West Africa, which when completed will extend from Lobito Bay, on the Atlantic coast, to Katanga, in the Congo State. Eight thousand men are engaged in its construction.

Mr. Deakin, Federal Premier of Australia, has written to the State Governments asking them "to indicate specifically what inducements they are prepared to offer to encourage and enterprising people of our own stock who are anxious to become citizens of Australia."

**SPEED LIMIT FOR MOTORS.**  
Regulations imposing a speed limit of 10 miles an hour for motor-cars in High-st. and Church-st., Barnes, and in Bridge-st., Molesey, have been sanctioned by the Local Government Board.

**PLAQUE OF MOLES.**  
South Bedfordshire is being invaded this year by an unusual number of moles. The hells are literally covered with their little mounds, and specifically what inducements they are prepared to offer to encourage and enterprising people of our own stock who are anxious to become citizens of Australia."

**PROPOSED BRISTOL UNIVERSITY.**

At a meeting of the Bristol City Council, a letter from the Right Hon. Lewis Fry to the Lord Mayor was read referring to the recent gift of £1,000 by Mr. H. O. Wills to the fund for a proposed university for Bristol, and stating it was hoped at an early date to have a capital of £250,000 required for carrying out the scheme. A special committee was appointed to consider whether the Council can give the necessary financial support.

**FATAL ACCIDENTS.**  
The total number of fatal accidents in the United Kingdom during 1907 was 1,173, while the number during 1906 was 1,116, an increase during the past year of 63 deaths, says a Home Office return.

**COAST LIGHTS.**

Reporting on our lighthouses, the Royal Commission says that there is no evidence of unreasonable expenditure or inefficient service. The lighting of our coasts is as good, or, if better, than, that of any other country.

**EPIDEMIC AMONG FISH.**  
Hundreds of dead and dying fish have come to the surface of the River Stour, a favourite angling stream near Long Marston. Near the foot-gates of a mill 300 dead and dying fish passed in one hour. Five years ago a similar mysterious epidemic occurred.

NEXT WEEK, "OH! MISTER WHAT'S-ER-NAME."

SUNG BY MISS MARIE LLOYD.

**"MAISIE, I'M A-WAITING,"**

OR, "YOU AIN'T THE GAL FOR ME!"

SUNG by G. H. ELLIOTT.

This Song may be sung in public without Fee or License, except at Theatres or Music Halls.

[COPYRIGHT.]

Written by CHARLES WILMOTT.

Composed by KENNEDY RUSSELL.

*Moderato.*

**PIANO.**

*Till ready.*

**KEY D.**

1. Where the moon is slud - ing bright - ly o'er the sea - dows, A-midst the sha - dows,  
2. Soon the moon gets in, and then the night ar - ran - ges, Some - one - den - ches - gon;  
3. Down the stairs at last his gal, who's been a - list - ing, With eyes a - glint - ling.

Stands a love - sick coon, whose heart, while he is wait - ing, Is pal - pi - pal - pi - ta - ting;  
Starts to rain, and down up - on him comes a - pour - ing, While he is still in - plore - ing;  
Gal - ly drea'd in all her best, comes sly - ly creep - ing, And then the door - way peep - ing.

For his hopes to meet the gal he's ser - ad - ing, Are slow - ly fad - ing,  
For he - hind her win - dow blind a light is show - ing, And bright - ly glow - ing,  
Cries, "I'm here!" and then in fear her words re - peat - ing, No an - swer meet - ing.

**At.**

So he crawls a - round the cab - in walls, And be - neath her win - dow in a whis - per calls—  
So, al - though he's soaked thro' with the rain, And he's sneez - ing, still he murrurs once a - gain—  
Finds that for her flirt - ing she must pay, He's 'va - moozled, and there's no one there to say—

**CHORUS.** *1st time P, 2nd f*

"Mai - sie, I'm a - wait - ing, Don't be hes - i - ta - ing, 'Case your fa - ther wakes too soon,

And he wants to know Who's the coon be - low Wait - ing to the ball to take you.

All the ar - is - toe's, In Sun - day suits and frocks, Are there - but queen of all you'll be; And I've

bought the tic - kets, hon - ey, But if I'm to waste my money, You ain't the gal for me!"

*1st time. 2nd time. X*

**FIN.**























